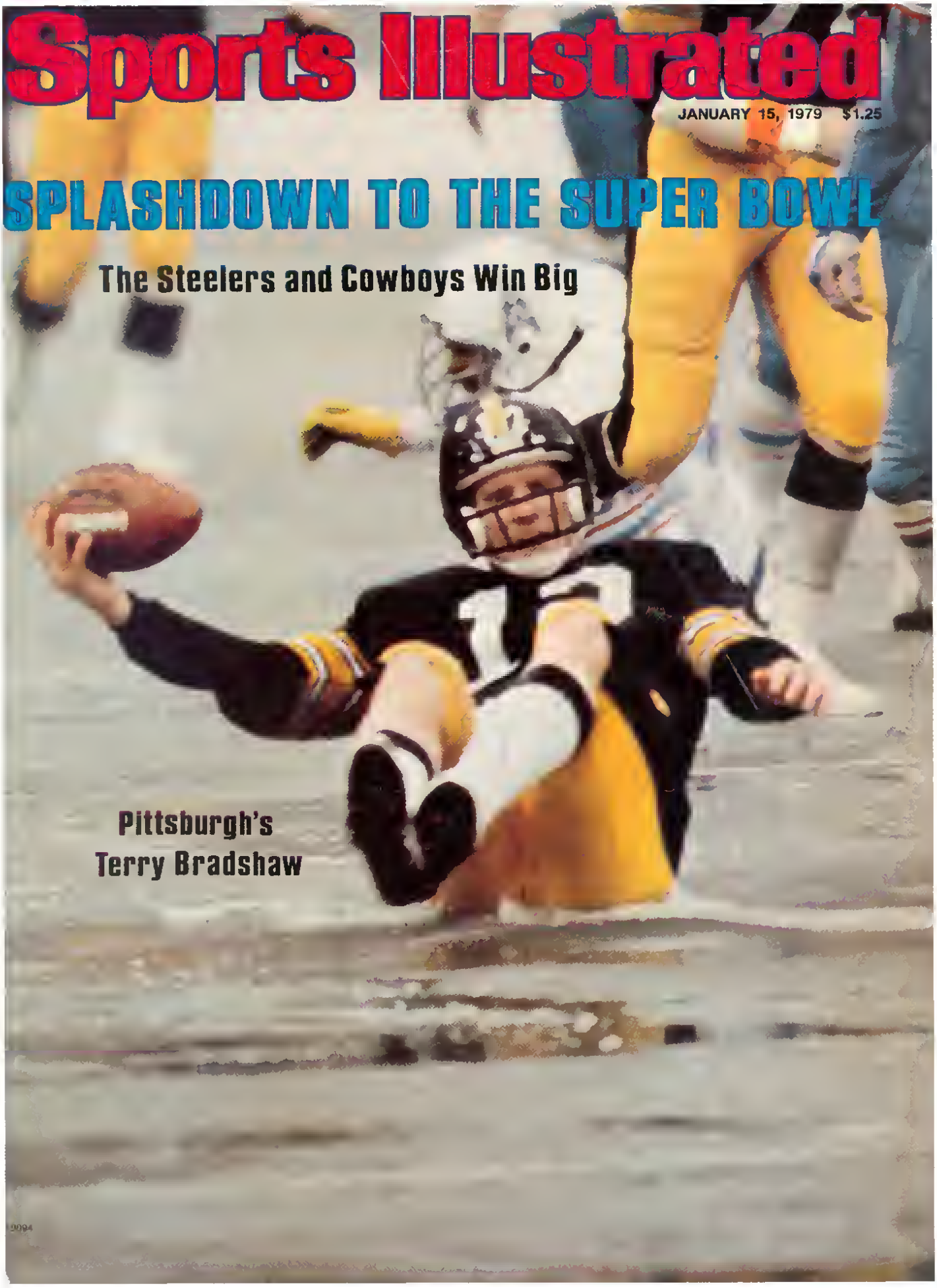
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*Cover photograph by James Drake*

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*BIG DOINGS are at hand in Big Ten basketball as the nation's top-rated team, Michigan State, meets unbeaten Illinois. Larry Keith reports on the battle for No. 1 and other action in the conference that now shapes up as the country's strongest.*

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# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For the the past six months, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S guide through publishing's legal maze has been Mary Gibbons, the daughter of a career Air Force officer, who was born in Germany, learned to swim in Greece and became a baseball fan in Enon, Ohio, where she rooted for the Reds (she still does).

Gibbons' curriculum vitae is imposing. A junior Phi Beta Kappa and summa cum laude graduate of Indiana University, she got her Doctor of Jurisprudence from Harvard Law School in 1976. She joined Time Inc.'s legal department last summer after two years with Breed, Abbott & Morgan, a New York law firm, where her work dealt with "trusts today and patents tomorrow. Little pieces of big things."

Now, as Assistant Counsel to Time Inc., working with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, she advises us in matters of defamation and copyright. One of her first chores for SI, however, had nothing to do with either of the above. She accompanied reporters Melissa Ludtke Lincoln and Kathy Andria to games at Yankee Stadium during the American League playoffs and the World Series. Lincoln's suit to allow her equal access to locker rooms had just been decided in her favor and Gibbons was on hand to make sure things went smoothly. The reporters sat in the press box and Gibbons watched from the stands. Says Lincoln, "I could always find her if some unforeseeable problem came up. Nothing ever did, but it was good to know she was out there."



GIBBONS: AT HOME IN WRITS AND WRECKS

By happy coincidence Gibbons' sporting credentials are as impressive as her academic achievements. She was at one time ranked seventh nationally among junior women in small-bore rifle competition, was the Ohio junior champion and shot for Indiana University's women's team. She also taught horseback riding and swimming and was a lifeguard for a Strategic Air Command survival-training unit.

Intending to be a gym teacher, Gibbons entered Indiana U. as a phys ed major, but a sociology course and a part-time job as a teaching assistant changed the direction of her life. "Because the professor I worked with was a criminologist," she says, "I developed a sense of the law and how it worked." Before long she abandoned PE to major in sociology and history.

While her father was stationed near Athens, Mary studied the history of Western civilization at first hand. From the age of five through nine, she rode a school bus that passed the Parthenon, and took field trips to Delphi, Corinth and Marathon.

Gibbons learned to swim during those years and now pursues the sport at Manhattan's West Side YMCA, where last winter she took up scuba diving. She has since dived on several wrecks off Long Island, one a prohibition rum runner that yielded bottles of illicit hooch. "It was rum," says Gibbons, "but you couldn't drink it. You couldn't even stand downwind from it."

On dry land, Gibbons explores New York's ethnic restaurants. "My parents never wanted to live on a base," she says. "We lived 'on the economy,' which in Air Force language means among the natives. Once, in Yugoslavia, I think it was, we were served soup with a chicken head in it."

About her experience among the natives at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Gibbons says, "I like being in personal contact with the client."

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# BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

## LET'S GIVE A SESQUIPEDALIAN CHEER FOR THE OLD SYNERGISTIC BALL GAME

Everybody knows about the explosion of interest in spectator and participant sports that has been booming away in this country since the end of World War II: the extraordinary proliferation of professional leagues playing a dizzying variety of sports, and the no less extraordinary popularity of personal physical fitness programs. Not so many people know, however, about a little explosion that has accompanied the big one: the growth of interest in sports as a subject for serious, indeed scholarly and often solemn, discussion in academic and intellectual circles.

This little explosion has produced a steadily increasing literature, consisting largely of articles in scholarly journals and books published by university presses. Many bear formidable titles: *Perceptual Characteristics and Athletic Performance*; *Gods and Games. Toward a Theology of Play*; *Pervasive Sociological Themes in the Study of Sport*; *Sport. A Philosophic Inquiry*. Further, many of them are couched in a vocabulary so arcane and sesquipedalian as to intimidate all but the most determined reader. This passage, from Edwin H. Cady's *The Big Game. College Sports and American Life* (The University of Tennessee Press, $14.50), is an example, albeit an extreme one.

". . . The Big Game serves ends which are intrapsychically bonding and bounding, cathartic, egosyntonic, sublimating, transforming. Enculturative, they provide us symbolic tools, even serve for language, communicating, forging community. Communally they provide us with culture texts, in which to read the natures of self and group. Their esthetic effects are potent. They are festal and fraternal, ritual and perhaps religious, certainly synergistic."

I quote that passage not to poke fun at it (although I think it's ludicrous), but to point out the most immediate problem these books present—a problem also posed by another current example of the genre, Allen Guttmann's *From Ritual to Record. The Nature of Modern Sports* (Columbia University Press, $12.95). They attempt to deal with complex and important questions about the relationship of sports to society, but by employing the highly specialized languages of philosophy, theology, anthropology and sociology, they close themselves off to virtually all readers except those conversant in those languages. Instead of finding the general readership they should be striving to reach, in the end the scholars merely talk to each other.

That, of course, is in the nature of academic discourse, which has always tended to be exclusive rather than democratic. It is unfortunate, however, because lurking in these thickets of prose are some interesting and provocative ideas—ideas that too few readers are likely to have the patience to ferret out.

Allen Guttmann, for example, goes to some pains to draw distinctions among play ("any nonutilitarian physical or intellectual activity pursued for its own sake"), games ("organized play"), contests ("legal proceedings, wars") and sports ("playful physical contests . . . nonutilitarian contests which include an important measure of physical as well as intellectual skill"). From there he is able to move to a discussion of the characteristics of sport. At the risk of oversimplifying a complex argument, Guttmann—like many before him—finds modern sport to be a microcosm of modern society—which is to say, among other things, that it is egalitarian, specialized, organized, obsessed with statistics and records.

Guttmann is considerably more accessible, if only slightly more original, when he gets down to particulars, specifically his discussions of baseball and football. The peculiar appeal of baseball for Americans, he says, can be traced to its "primitive-pastoral elements," its "closeness to the seasonal rhythms of nature" and its tendency "toward extremes of quantification." In simpler words, baseball's stately rhythms and its proliferation of statistics touch both the ancient and the modern impulses in us.

As for football, Guttmann argues that it is not a manifestation of American violence and bellicosity (a theory that gained popularity with the left wing during the Vietnam War), but an outlet for aggressive emotions and energies that middle-class Americans suppress in their normal lives. He calls football an "institutionalized 'time out,' " a chance for those watching to blow off steam in a socially acceptable, harmless way.

I think he's right. And so, too, does Edwin H. Cady, who calls big-time college football "a fiesta, a communal and ritual party, a blowout at which you are authorized to take a moral holiday from work, worry and responsibility." In fact, in an instance of the overstatement to which Cady is prone, he calls it "the best party in American life."

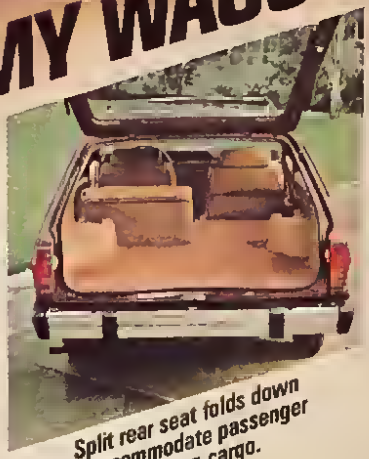
Cady's enthusiasm for college football knows almost no bounds (though he does offer some sensible suggestions for keeping the game under the control of the universities), and reflects an interesting aspect of his outhurst of scholarly infatuation with sports. When you cut to the quick of it, most of these writers turn out to be fans at heart. Like the rest of us, they are up in the stands cheering. The big difference is that you often can't understand what they are cheering about. **END**



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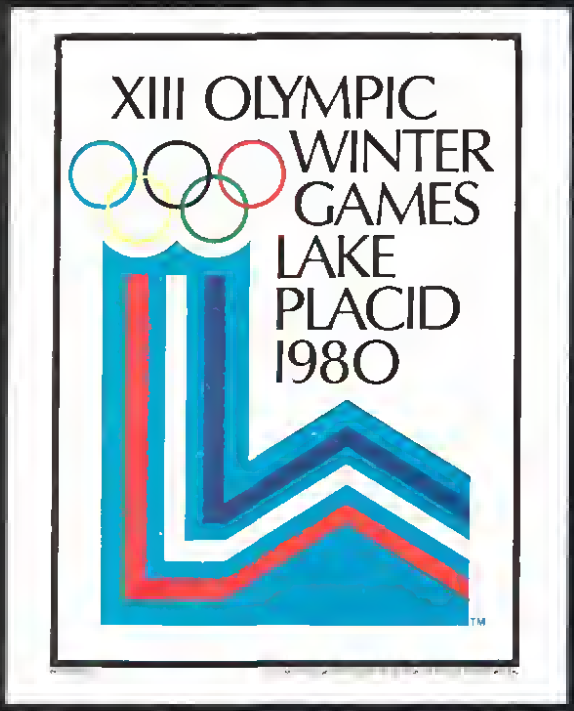
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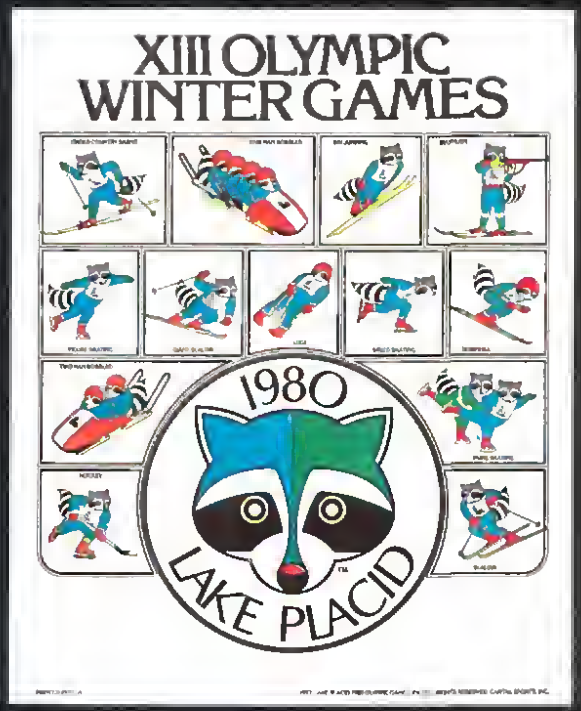
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# SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S LOONEY

**CHANGES**

At the world swimming championships last summer in West Berlin, the Americans overwhelmed the heretofore powerful East German women, winning nine of 14 events, while the GDR won but one. With this debacle still fresh in their minds, the East Germans were looking forward to the U.S.A. Women's International Competition last weekend at Harvard as an opportunity to see whether recent changes in their training methods had improved their performances. But that was not to be.

First, many of America's leading swimmers were not there, some of whom—including Tracy Caulkins, the 16-year-old sensation who won five gold medals at the world championships as a 15-year-old—are serving short suspensions for curfew violations during a meet last year. Thus, even though the East Germans posted victories in seven of 14 events at the meet in Cambridge, it was not that stern a test.

"It was inevitable that bigger countries like the U.S. and the Soviet Union would catch us," Eberhard Mothes, one of the East German coaches, said before the meet. "We aren't so arrogant as to think that a small country like ours can win everything." But the coaches are doing what they can to assure that the GDR will win its share of medals.

For one, East Germany is concentrating on finding prospects built more along the lines of the tall, skinny Caulkins. "We've begun to realize that big, muscular girls develop quickly but don't last very long," said Horst Kleefeld, another GDR coach. "The thinner girls tend to survive. Ulrike Tauber has managed to stick around as long as she has because she is fairly thin. And Caulkins will last, too."

In their rush back to the drawing boards, GDR coaches have been particularly concerned that few of their women swam as well at the world championships as they had at their own nationals six weeks earlier. In hopes that it will help sustain top performance over a longer span, they have increased daily workloads in the case of medley specialists Tauber and Petra Schneider, for example, from 10,000 to 13,000 meters. More important, training has also become more intense.

One change that the coaches insist is *not* related to the poor showing at the world championships is the demotion of Rudolf Schramme, the national swim coach through three Olympic Games. Schramme masterminded East Germany's climb to the top of women's swimming and the official line is that after last summer's world championships, he "volunteered" to step down. Be that as it may, it is intriguing that Schramme's successor, Dieter Schulze, is a onetime GDR horse show-jumping champion who knows so little about swimming he didn't even bother to come to Boston. Schulze's forte is research in endurance training. The fact that somebody of his background has been named national swim coach suggests that further changes are afoot.

**ALMIGHTY ADVICE**

After noting that his Los Angeles Lakers had been accused of playing a zone defense, which is illegal in the NBA, Coach Jerry West said, "Let God strike me dead, we don't play a zone." Which prompted Joe Axelson, president and general manager of the KC Kings, to write West, "Please don't test the Almighty in this fashion. I would like to think He has more important things on His mind than the NBA, but don't tempt Him. Besides, just because [referees] Bavetta and Saar and Hollins don't know a zone when they see one, He might."

**HOMER?**

In his syndicated football column, "The Bottom Ten," Steve Harvey turns the glare of national publicity on the worst teams and biggest foul-ups.

Recently, Harvey wrote a column on 1978 "lowlights," making great fun, for example, of UPI's naming a UCLA player, Center Brent Boyd, to its All-West Coast team even though Boyd missed the season with injuries.

Harvey also discussed Army's firing of its coach, Homer Rice. Fine. Except that Homer Rice was, and is, the Cincinnati Bengal coach. Steve may have had in mind Homer Smith, who was fired by Army. Or maybe he didn't. What the heck, they sound alike—Smith, Rice—and as Harvey might explain, at least both names have four letters.

**A BETTER WAY?**

There are several things that could be learned from the International Ice Hockey Federation's recent Friendship Tournament in Peking. The first is that China plays deplorable hockey. It won only one game in a tournament that included teams from Japan, Finland, West Germany and Romania. But let's be fair. In China, there are only 4,000 hockey players and three indoor rinks. And remember, too, that it was only 30 years ago




that the now powerful Soviet Union was taught the rudiments of the game.

Of more significance, the average per-game attendance was 18,000. In the NHL, the average is 11,842. And those who got in waited all night for their tickets. Which brings us to their price. Top was 30¢. The cheap seats were 20¢. In the NHL, the average is $8.65. Hmm.

The Chinese attitude also is instructive. Hal Trumble, executive director of the Amateur Hockey Association of the U.S., went to the tournament and says of the Chinese, "They're such nice people that they want to be nice to everybody. Before they took up hockey, they had never seen a game that had a penalty box." In a game between China and Japan, fans started cheering body checks which prompted a reprimand over the

*continued*

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loudspeaker: "We must be good hosts. We mustn't be rude, or disrespectful of our guests." Imagine how that would play in Philadelphia!

**WOMEN VS. MEN—SORT OF**

Last week, for the first time in this country, men and women competed against each other in a regular-format (more or less) golf tournament, the $100,000 Spalding Invitational Pro-Am on the Monterey Peninsula.

For most of the men, it served as a warmup before the official start of the 1979 PGA Tour, which tees off with this week's Bob Hope Desert Classic But the four women who accepted the invitations of Tournament Chairman Harold Firstman—LPGA stars Amy Alcott, Sally Little, Hollis Stacy and Debbie Massey—were there for the challenge Actually the women were given the advantage of shorter yardage on some holes, in some cases as much as 30 yards

Alcott turned in the second-lowest round of the tournament, a 66 at Rancho Cañada-East, and had the best finish among the women, 40th out of a field of 78. Little finished tied for 55th; Stacy came in 66th and Massey 73rd

Even with the decreased yardage, distance was the main bugaboo for the women players "At Laguna Seca, the 9th hole is 406 yards, uphill," said Little. "I hit a good drive and a three-wood and was still 20 yards short of the green. I'm not trying to make excuses, though. Everyone was terrific to us and I really enjoyed it. Maybe I didn't win [Al Geiberger did, in sudden-death] but I didn't finish last, either "

**NHL NO-STARS**

The National Hockey League All-Star team that will play the Soviet national team next month has all the earmarks of being a disaster. Voting for the team ends in mid-month and it is hoped there will be some thoughtful ballot-stuffing before then. If not, the starting team the U.S. will put on the ice Feb. 8 for the first of three contests in Madison Square Garden will be woefully inadequate

The problem is an age-old one, balloting by the fans instead of by the coaches or fellow players. This enriches the league's coffers (Wilkinson Sword paid the NHL a reported $75,000 for the right to advertise on the ballots) but it impoverishes the game.

No thanks to shilling by the Rangers, four of the six leaders at this point are New Yorkers, some by huge margins They include wings Pat Hickey and Anders Hedberg, Center Ulf Nilsson and Defenseman Ron Greschner. The other two are Chicago Defenseman Phil Russell and Goalie Tony Esposito Not one of these qualifies as a first-team all-star

General Manager Bill Torrey and Coach Scotty Bowman will select the rest of the team, giving them the opportunity to add the better players the fans have ignored. Yet those selected by the fans (with the exception of the goalie) must play a shift in the first game and that's a lot of ice time

**LIFE'S A KICK**

Baylor University spent $1,250 last season for a punting machine to use in practice Coach Grant Teaff loved it. After all, the machine could easily kick 60-yarders and never had one go off the side of its ball bearings In fact, Teaff loved it so much he took to telling his real-life punter, Luke Prestridge, "This machine moves better than you, kicks better and doesn't eat as much." Said Prestridge, "Actually, he's right." Teaff also thought the machine was better-looking. Luke sulked.

But in a game against Kentucky, the ball was snapped far over Prestridge's head. He ran back, scooped it up and got off a 62-yard punt. Said Luke to Teaff, "Let's see your machine do that "

**GREAT EXPECTORATIONS**

Tobacco chewing has gone collegiate. Mark Flexter, a two-pouch-a-day man who founded the first college tobacco-chewing club at Wabash College last year, reports that former members now have started clubs at Vanderbilt, Arizona State, TCU and the University of Chicago. "Someday there could be an intercollegiate tobacco-chewing championship," he says. "This thing is really taking off."

Flexter was 19 and a sophomore when he began chewing after seeing Clint Eastwood chomp in the movie *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. "Eastwood was so cool the way he did everything," Flexter says, "I went right out and bought a plug of tobacco. I took it nice and easy and forced myself to like it. Then I got my friends to chew with me. Chewing tobacco is a very good alternative to smoking. We want to make people think of chewing tobacco as a gentlemanly art. In the old

*continued*

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The dealer's markup helps to pay his rent, taxes, salaries, utility bills—all that it costs to run a business. And he also has to make a profit, or he can't stay in business. Last year, GM dealers reported about two cents profit on each dollar of sales. As you can see, competition doesn't leave the average dealer a very big margin of profit.

**You can affect the price you pay. It depends on the marketplace, for one thing.** You may get a bigger break if you choose a slower-selling model or a car the dealer already has in stock. The latest sales figures published in many newspapers will give you some idea of how cars are selling, although the demand for a particular model may be greater or less in your area.

How much optional equipment you order on your car also makes a big difference in its price. Go over the list carefully, and equip the car just the way you want it. Then it will have most value for you, and you'll enjoy it more. You shouldn't buy what you won't use, although much of the equipment you add to your new car will make it worth more when you decide it's time to trade it in.

Most buyers trade in a used car when they buy a new one. And the value of used cars varies according to demand as well as to their condition. Performance and appearance count, so it's a good idea to maintain your car and keep it clean. The more you can get for your old car, the less will be your out-of-pocket cost to replace it with a new one.

But whichever car you choose, the price should never be your only consideration. The dealer's reputation and his service capability are also important.

Our interest is in helping both you and the dealer to get a fair deal. We want you to be satisfied with your car. That's good for you, good for the dealer, and good for us.

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days a gentleman never smoked in front of a lady."

A week after the club was formed at Wabash, Flexter and another club member, Andy Robertson, staged a chewathon at a local shopping mall and raised $800 for muscular dystrophy. "We chewed 27 straight hours," Flexter says, "and swallowed our plugs at the end for an extra $50."

**TEXAS MAGIC**

Texas produces the best high school football players in the country. Period. Shut the book and amen. The last two Heisman winners, Earl Campbell and Billy Sims, are from Texas; so are the most recent winners of the Outland Trophy, for the nation's best lineman, Brad Shearer and Greg Roberts.

Comes now the next Texas phenom, 6′ 2½″, 202-pound Eric Dickerson, whom recruiters see as already having Heisman inscribed on the back of his jersey and National Championship on the front. He's from Sealy, 50 miles west of Houston. This year he led his undefeated high school team to a state championship. He rushed for a career 5,889 yards. He runs the 100 in 9.4, blocks, catches. He is probably the most sought-after high school footballer in the nation.

An opposing coach, Jerry Shaffer of Wylie High, says, "In terms of size and speed, Dickerson has more going for him than Billy Sims." Eric's own coach, Ralph Harris, says, "He's faster and taller than Campbell."

He is, it would appear, fast, strong, durable, intelligent, mature, alert and quick to learn and he washes his hands before dinner. Who will get him? Oklahoma desperately wants him to further his education in Norman. Texas, though, may have the inside track. Coach Fred Akers says, "Eric's our No. 1 prospect." And everyone else's. Dickerson has visited Southern Cal, where many running backs have found happiness. He'll favor other schools with a look-see. But Dickerson has had enough. "I'll be glad when this is all over," he says. "I'm just an old country boy who enjoys quiet." With his future, he'd better buy earplugs.

**THEY SAID IT**

• George Raveling, Washington State basketball coach, on life in the Northwest: "I won't say it's remote up here, but my last speech was reviewed in *Field & Stream*."

• Frank Gifford, ABC announcer, on quarterbacks: "They're the most poorly conditioned athletes we have. They're also old and crotchety."

• Dick Versace, new Bradley basketball coach, on his explicit vocabulary: "To those people I might offend by my language, I say, 'I am your new coach, not your new Pope.'"

• Jim McConn, Houston mayor, on Earl Campbell: "He ought to run for President, because if he runs for mayor he'll beat me."

• Ken Payne, Philadelphia Eagle wide receiver, when told a woman sportswriter was in the dressing room: "Uh, oh. I'd better put my teeth in." **END**





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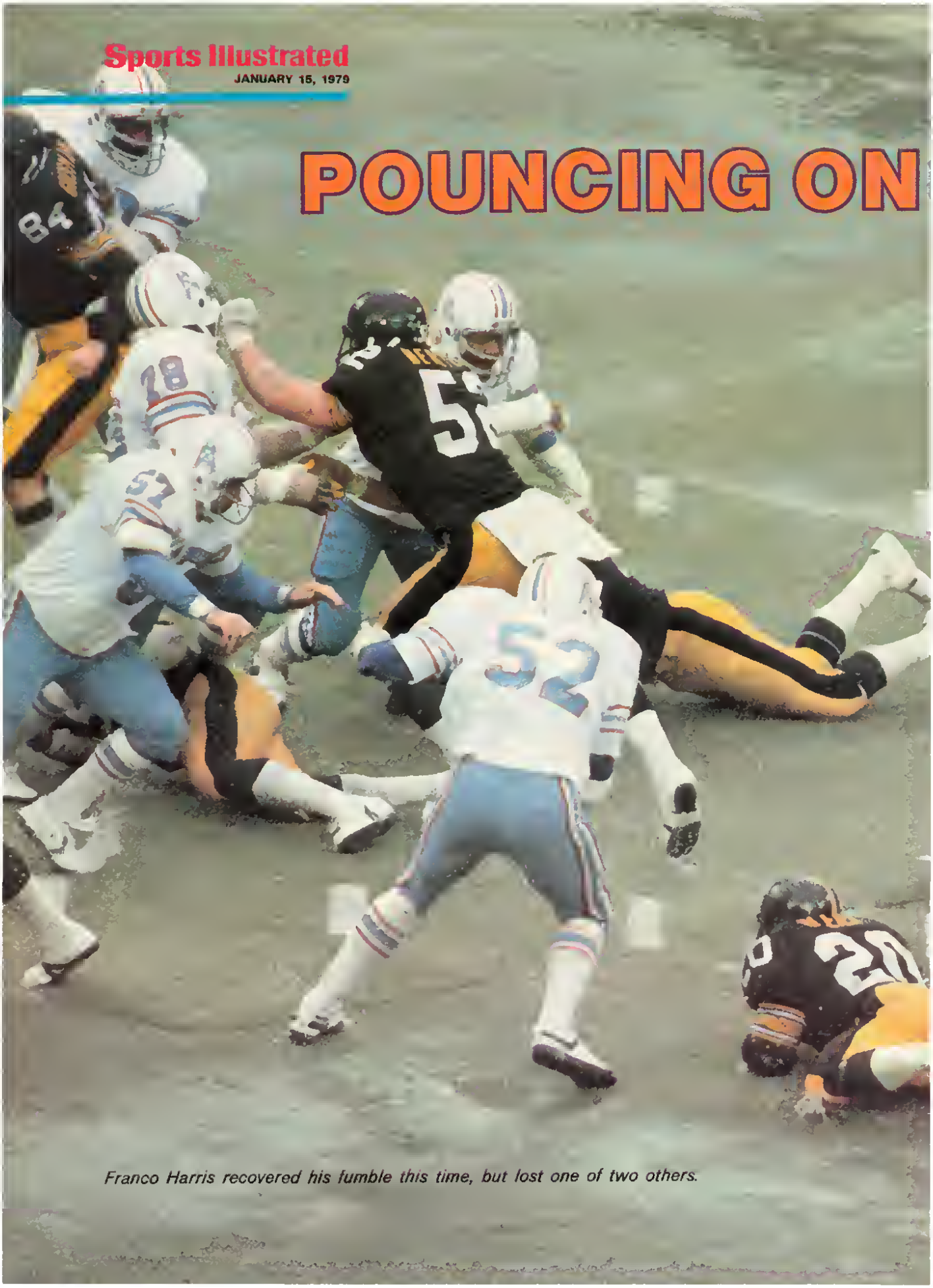
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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 15, 1979

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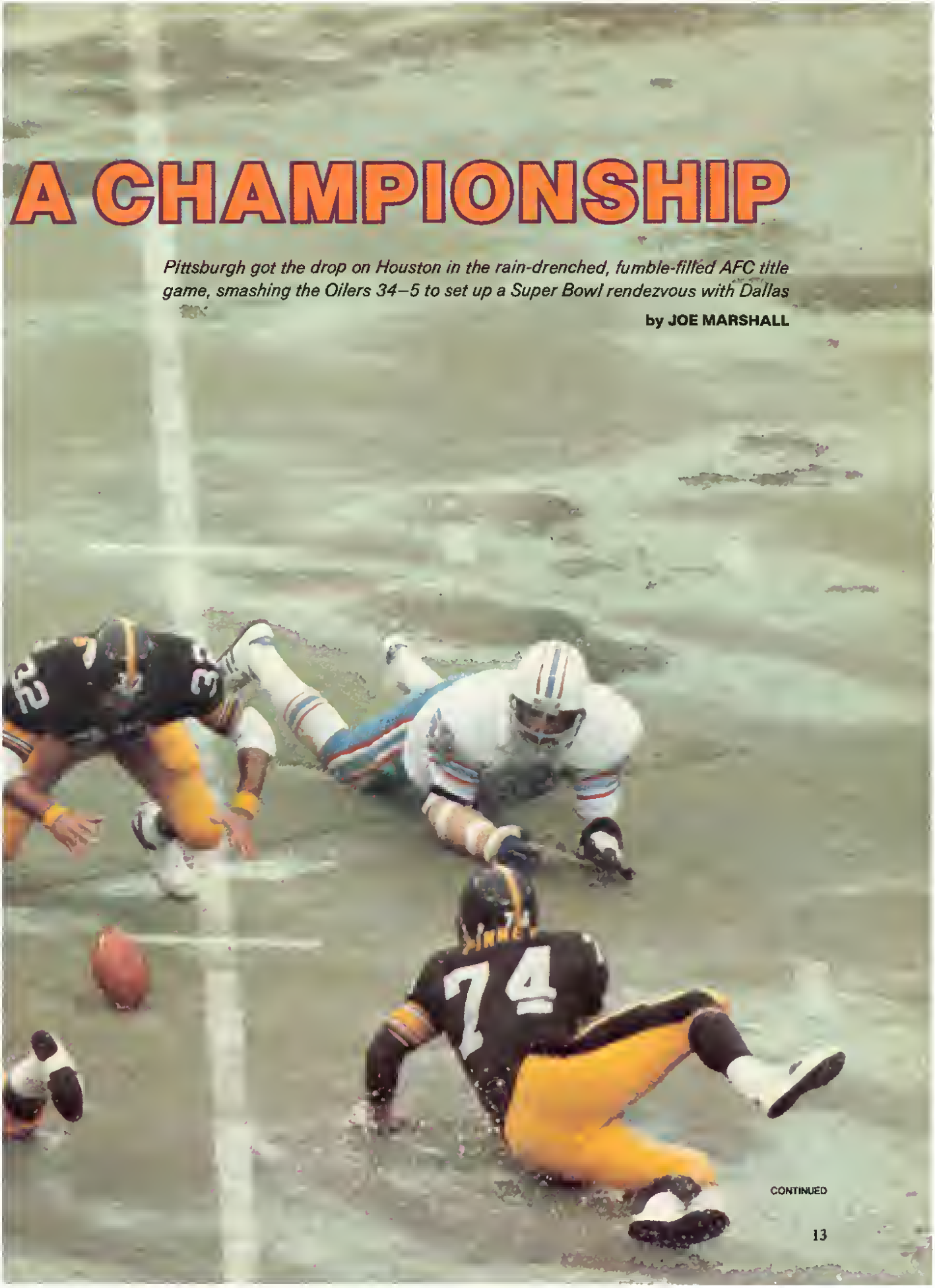


*Franco Harris recovered his fumble this time, but lost one of two others.*

# A CHAMPIONSHIP

*Pittsburgh got the drop on Houston in the rain-drenched, fumble-filled AFC title game, smashing the Oilers 34–5 to set up a Super Bowl rendezvous with Dallas*

**by JOE MARSHALL**



CONTINUED

It was billed as the AFC championship, but Sunday's showdown between the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Houston Oilers could have been called the Soup Bowl. Played in Three Rivers Stadium, it might as well have been played in the three rivers themselves. Still, not rain nor sleet—both of which fell continuously—nor Earl Campbell or even Dan Pastorini's bulletproof flak jacket could stay the Steelers from a Super Bowl date with Dallas. Pittsburgh pounded Houston 34–5, causing Oiler Coach Bum Phillips to admit, "The best team won. The weather didn't beat us Pittsburgh did."

As imposing as the Steelers were, it was impossible to ignore the way the weather affected the game. Before halftime, the Oilers and Steelers had set a championship-game record by fumbling 11 times. That was one more fumble than the New York Giants and Chicago Bears managed in 1934 in their so-called Sneakers Game, a championship played on a field that was frozen so hard the Giants switched to basketball shoes at halftime for better traction. The final fumble tally was 12, six for each team. Terry Bradshaw and Franco Harris of the Steelers, and the sensational Campbell, established an additional record by fumbling three times apiece. Early in the second quarter they fumbled on consecutive plays. Shades of Larry, Moe and Curly.

The downpour and the subfreezing temperatures made life on the field so miserable that Pittsburgh Running Back Rocky Bleier was sent to the locker room in the third quarter, suffering from chills. Appropriately enough, the longest run in the game, a mere 23 yards, was made by a Steeler whose nickname is Hydroplane—Jack Deloplaine Said Oiler Cornerback Willie Alexander, "My teeth were chattering the whole game. I wish we could have brought the Astrodome with us." Most of the Steelers tried to make light of the weather. "Hey, this was a championship game," said Pittsburgh Defensive End L. C. Greenwood. "I'd have played it in the ocean if I'd had to, and I can't even swim."

The bottom line was that the Steelers conquered the Oilers as well as the elements. They outgained Houston 379 yards to 142, displaying all the weapons that have made them the winningest team in the NFL this year. They won in the pits, too. The Oilers had allowed a league-low 17 sacks this season, but the Steel Curtain defense sacked Pastorini four times. Pastorini also threw five interceptions. And the Steelers held Campbell to 62 yards rushing, most of them after the game was out of reach.

Meanwhile, the Steelers gave Bradshaw so much protection that he could have dialed the weather bureau while waiting for Lynn Swann and John Stallworth to get open. Bradshaw was never sacked as he completed 11 of 19 passes for 200 yards and two touchdowns, one each to Swann and Stallworth.

Phillips summed up the flow of the game when he said, "The behinder we got, the worse we got." And the Oilers fell behind the first time their opponents

*Sacked four times and intercepted five, Dan Pastorini needed more than his bulletproof flak vest to fend off the charges of Steelers such as L. C. Greenwood*



had the ball. The Steelers moved 57 yards to a 7–0 lead in just five plays, Harris skirting right end for the touchdown from the seven. The scoring play was a neat piece of deception. Pittsburgh lined up with both wide receivers, Swann and Stallworth, on the right side. As the Oilers knew, the Steelers had done nothing but pass from this formation all season. So, when Swann and Stallworth cut in toward the middle of the field, the Oiler linebackers and secondary followed them. But Bradshaw handed off to Harris, who slid into the end zone practically untouched.

Later in the first quarter, Pittsburgh made it 14–0 when Bleier sloshed around right end for a 15-yard touchdown. That score was set up by Linebacker Jack Ham's recovery of Campbell's second fumble, at the Houston 17-yard line. Ham also recovered another fumble, intercepted a Pastorini pass and sacked the Oiler quarterback for a nine-yard loss.

Though showing almost no offense, Houston got on the scoreboard early in the second quarter when Toni Fritsch kicked a 19-yard field goal after Harris had fumbled the ball to the Oilers at the Pittsburgh 19. The Steelers, meanwhile, kept threatening to turn the game into a rout. Only an end-zone interception of a Bradshaw pass by Oiler Cornerback Greg Stemrick and another fumble by Harris kept Houston alive. Then, with less than two minutes to play in the half, Running Back Ronnie Coleman carried a Pastorini pass to the Steeler 30-yard line and the Oilers seemed to be on the verge of cutting into the Steelers' 14–3 lead. However, Ham stripped the ball from Coleman and pounced on it. And suddenly Houston was hit by a Pittsburgh deluge worse than anything that was falling from the skies. In the space of just 54 seconds, the Steelers scored 17 points and put the AFC championship away.



*Waterlogged Rocky Bleier got Pittsburgh's second touchdown, later departed with a case of the chills*

The first seven points came on a perfectly thrown 29-yard pass from Bradshaw to Swann. On the following kickoff, Houston's Johnnie Dirden returned the ball 11 yards and then, even though no one had touched him, dropped it. Rick Moser of the Steelers recovered at the Houston 17, and two plays later Bradshaw hit Stallworth for a touchdown. The Oilers didn't fumble on the next kickoff, but on their first play from scrimmage Coleman did, again. This time the ball was stripped from him by Defensive Tackle Steve Furness, who recovered at the Houston 24. Four seconds before the half Roy Gerela booted a 37-yard field goal to make the score 31–3. An Oiler official said, "Now I know how Jim Bowie must have felt at the Alamo."

The second half was played for no ostensible reason. After Gerela made the score 34–3 with a 22-yard field goal, the Oiler defense added Houston's other two points on a third-quarter safety, Linebacker Ted Washington tackling Bleier in the end zone. In the remaining minutes, the Oiler offense contributed four more turnovers, bringing its total for the game to nine.

Like the Cowboys, the Steelers now are in a position to become the first team to win a third Super Bowl. If Pittsburgh beats Dallas in Miami, which the Steelers did in Super Bowl X three years ago, it will be the ultimate tribute to a front office that is as efficient as any in the NFL,

*continued*

yet, unlike the Dallas front office, is virtually unsung.

The Steelers' chief executive is 46-year-old President Dan Rooney, the oldest son of the team's founder, 77-year-old Art Rooney. There is no biographical sketch for Dan Rooney in the club's media guide. "I stay in the background," he says. "A lot of owners in football think they have to say something profound, particularly to explain a win or a loss. I think the less you say, the better off you are. My job here is to make everyone else's job easier. The Steeler players get the recognition, and that's the way it should be. That's better than having Chuck Noll or Dan Rooney get it. The players are the characters, if you look at football in the entertainment sense."

While he was growing into his current job in the '60s, Dan and his brother Art Rooney Jr., who is in charge of the team's personnel department, determined that the Steelers, who had a history of trading away draft choices, should build through the draft. Only three of the Steelers on the roster for last Sunday's game—placekicker Gerela, reserve Defensive Back Ray Oldham and reserve Tight End Jim Mandich—started their careers with other franchises.

Pittsburgh's scouting operation differs from that of many clubs in that the Steeler coaches play an active role in the evaluation and selection of talent. The final say on all choices belongs to Noll, who was hired by Dan Rooney in 1969. "Just as important as drafting is the development of the players," says Dan Rooney. "I really think that is where Noll's genius comes into play. He gives every football player a chance to prove he can't do the job."

Despite an ongoing series of brilliant drafts, when the Steelers lost in the first round of the playoffs to Denver last year, most observers felt they were on the decline. The 1977 season had been marred by injuries, holdouts, walkouts and a lawsuit. "Last year was just a mess," admits Pittsburgh's All-Pro Center Mike Webster who, like Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert and Swann and Stallworth, is a product of the 1974 draft. "We just didn't care enough for one another."

The Steelers have had a personality change, and now for the first time they are known as much for their offense as their defense. In 1976, with Harris and Bleier each going over 1,000 yards, Pittsburgh rushed for more yardage than all but three teams in NFL history, gaining 64% of its yards on the ground. But this season, with Bradshaw, Swann and Stallworth leading the way, the Steelers gained more than half their yardage by passing.

At the start of 1978, the Steelers' once-impenetrable defense was considered over the hill. Mean Joe Greene's chronic back problems spurred rumors that he was washed up, and Greenwood and Dwight White, the defensive ends, were showing signs of age. It was even suggested—perish the thougbt—that the Steel Curtain should be dismantled and replaced by a 3–4 defense.

So the Curtain regrouped and had an intimidating year. The Steelers allowed the fewest points in the NFL (195) and the fewest yards rushing in the AFC (110.9 per game). Greenwood had his finest season, while Greene, once his back miseries were at least temporarily healed, played like a demon. A year ago, for the first time in four seasons, Greene didn't play in the AFC championship game. Instead, he sat home and watched Oakland and Denver play on TV. During the telecast a camera focused on a sign in the stands in Mile High Stadium that read, JOE MUST BE GREENE WITH ENVY.

Quietly, Greene got his two Super Bowl rings out and placed them on top of his television set. Now he plans to add a third ring to that collection.

# THUNDERING TOWARD MIAMI

**by Dan Jenkins**

In the middle of the third quarter of the NFC championship game, the score was Dallas 0, Los Angeles 0, and it looked as though the winning coach would either be Jock Sutherland or Bernie Bierman, or whoever could first remember to put in the buck lateral series. But it was Tom Landry who once again brilliantly prevailed, his Cowboys blowing the Rams away 28–0 in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

The Cowboys decided on Sunday to become the team they are supposed to be, the Super Bowl championship team they were a year ago, the only team from the NFC that could make it interesting against the Pittsburgh Steelers in Super Bowl XIII next week in Miami. Not that the Dallas offense was all that flashy; in fact, the Cowboys fumbled away one touchdown in the end zone, and Roger Staubach twice failed to hit wide-open receivers on plays that would have gone for touchdowns. It was the Dallas defense that humiliated the Rams, who now have been bounced from the playoffs six straight years.

That Tom Landry can outcoach the Rams' Ray Malavasi should be no surprise. As NFL head coaches, there is a bit of difference in their experience, like 18 seasons to one. But it had to be a little embarrassing for Malavasi when Dallas Safety Charlie Waters and his defensive teammates began to demonstrate that they knew the Ram plays better than the Rams did.

*continued*

*Tony Dorsett's third-quarter touchdown jaunt launched Dallas' scoring blitz that routed L.A.*





*After one collision with Randy White, Pat Haden left the game for good with a fractured thumb*

**NFL PLAYOFFS** *continued*

After a scoreless first half, in which the Cowboys managed to keep the game close by repeatedly missing scoring opportunities, two interceptions by Waters turned the afternoon around. Both were on Pat Haden passes intended for Tight End Terry Nelson. Waters picked them off so casually, it was almost as if Landry had called the plays.

On the first interception, which came early in the third quarter when Haden threw dangerously into the left flat on third and 10 from his 21, Waters cut in front of Nelson, caught the ball in stride on the 30 and took it down to the 10. Even then, it was a while before Dallas could score. Only an interference penalty kept the Cowboys alive, giving them a first down at the eight just when it appeared that Rafael Septien would have to try a 30-yard field goal.

Tony Dorsett cut in for the touchdown from the five behind Guard Tom Rafferty's block, and Dallas had a 7–0 lead. Dorsett stood up all the way, something he had failed to do on the spongy turf in the first quarter. On that occasion, Dorsett had skittered around left end from the Ram 16 and seemed certain of scoring until he slipped and went out of bounds at the three. On an artificial surface he would have gone all the way.

That run preceded Scott Laidlaw's fumble into the end zone, which ended up in the possession of the Rams' Jack Youngblood because a number of Cowboys—Laidlaw, Dorsett and Tackle Pat Donovan—kept bouncing on top of each other and sending the ball squirting loose like a wet bar of soap.

Waters intercepted his second pass near the end of the third quarter, before Haden left the game with a fractured thumb, courtesy of a meeting with Randy White's helmet, and it came on a second and 10 from the L.A. 44. Waters again stepped in front of Nelson, taking this one at the Ram 49, and he returned it 29 yards. Dallas went ahead 14–0 five plays later when Staubach flipped a four-yarder to Laidlaw.

While Haden's two passes to Waters may have looked the same, they weren't. And the Dallas defensive schemes were slightly different. On the first one, L.A. flopped its two wide receivers—Ron Jessie and Willie Miller—to the right side of the field, opposite Waters, with the intent of forcing him to cover Nelson one-on-one. "Other teams had tried that on us, so I expected the Rams would," Waters said. "When they do it, they usually throw to the tight end, so I was waiting."

The second interception was a result of pure Landry genius. The Cowboys faked a blitz and double-covered both wide receivers, hoping to entice Haden to dump the ball off to Nelson. "I was waiting," Waters said, "and Haden went for it."

Dallas obviously had Los Angeles sadly outpersonneled, as well as outcoached, and the Cowboys were convinced of it even back in September when the Rams beat them 27–14. That had been a relatively meaningless game, with both teams clearly on the way to winning their respective divisions. That was why Staubach reportedly said to a loud-mouthed Ram during the game, "Ahh, you're all a bunch of front-running sons of bitches." And that was why Hollywood Tom



Henderson, Dallas' lippy linebacker, had bad-mouthed the Rams in print all last week. Henderson is an intimidator, both with his fiery hitting on the field and with his quotes.

For posterity, Henderson said, "The Rams don't have enough class to go to the Super Bowl. If the Rams don't choke, I'll choke them. Have the Rams ever been to the Super Bowl? Our team is in a class by itself—right from Too Tall to Roger to Dorsett to Harvey Martin—hey, call roll! The Rams got anybody like that?"

Henderson also said he hoped his remarks would appear in the Los Angeles papers, so the Rams could read them.

In the event that no one had read them, Henderson spent a good part of the game gesturing to the Rams, and to the 67,470 in the Coliseum. He came on the field at the start clutching at his throat—choking, get it?—and he talked incessantly to the Rams after almost every play.

He would speak to Nelson or to one of the running backs, such as Rod Phillips, and say, "How many Super Bowls you folks been to? I can't remember."



And, sure enough, in the waning moments, Henderson had the ultimate pleasure of intercepting a pass and galloping 68 yards with it for the Cowboys' final touchdown. He then finger-rolled the ball over the crossbar, à la Wilt Chamberlain. "I couldn't dunk it," he said later. "I'd been playing four quarters of *great* football, and I had no legs left." This interception—the fourth of the game by the Cowboys—had been thrown by Vince Ferragamo, who had replaced the injured Haden in the final quarter. One had the feeling that if the game lasted a month, Los Angeles still wouldn't score.

The Rams were an embarrassment to themselves on offense. There was a fleeting moment in the third quarter when the score was only 7–0, and the Rams were in business on the Dallas 23. After three plays, the Rams faced fourth down and a foot to go at the Dallas 14.

What do you do on fourth and a foot? Why, naturally, you run Jim Jodat, who is 5′ 11″ and 210, at Randy White and Larry Bethea, who are a combined 12′ 9″ and weigh slightly less than an overloaded 747. The Rams lost an inch on the play—and Dallas took over.

Then, midway through the fourth quarter, when the score was still only 14–0, the Rams got a big play out of Miller. Ferragamo hit Miller with a routine sideline pass at the Dallas 48. When Dallas' Aaron Kyle and Cliff Harris both overran him, Miller raced down the sideline to the Dallas 10, where only a swiping, diving tackle by Randy Hughes saved a touchdown. On first down Cullen Bryant fumbled Ferragamo's handoff and Harvey Martin recovered for Dallas. Henderson clutched at his throat again and grinned at the Rams.

One other Dallas touchdown was squeezed in between the interception heroics of Waters and Henderson. With 7:57 to play, Dorsett got Dallas out of a hole by dashing 53 yards from the Dallas 11 to the L.A. 36, and then Staubach gave the Cowboys a 21–0 lead with an 11-yard touchdown pass to Billy Joe DuPree, who was so open in the end zone that the nearest thing to him was the Coliseum's peristyle.

This may or may not have been the time when Henderson waved a Ram pompon on the sideline, and it may or may not have been the occasion when Henderson cupped his hands and yelled across the field, "Hurts, don't it, Malavasi?" But it could have been.

*Haden's favorite receiver was Waters, whose two interceptions helped put Dallas ahead 14–0*

Much later, Henderson began to get the Cowboys in the mood for Pittsburgh. He said, "They're tough and they're mean, and so are we, and they've got class like we do, and it's probably going to be one of the greatest Super Bowls of all time. When we played them in the Super Bowl three years ago they beat us on a blocked punt, and Lynn Swann had a miracle day and got himself a job on television. But now I'm the greatest linebacker who ever played football. Hey, Dick Butkus was just a lineman standing on two legs."

Resplendent in his lime green undergarments and his brown beret, Henderson added one other thought: "I put a lot of pressure on myself to see if I can play up to my mouth."

True, and Henderson also might have mentioned that the Pittsburgh Steelers won't make it quite as easy for the Cowboys as the Rams did. **END**

*Tom Henderson had the first and last words*



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*Washington has the best record in the NBA, due in no small part to the magic of Small Forward Bobby Dandridge*



**by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The irony of the Washington Bullets is that in a city founded on images, the team never has had one. Or, rather, that it has had too many. The Bullets were Elvin Hayes shooting the turnaround jumper and disappearing in the fourth quarter, they were Wes Unseld, wide as Capitol Hill itself, body-checking the opposition into the nearest monument; they were even Tiny, the bespectacled dachshund mascot, dragging his infernal toy cannon and chasing his infernal toy ball during the TV time-outs. Alas, the Bullets also were the ultimate losers on the grand occasions.

Those were the Washington images up to the time last spring when the team cast off the vestments of group choke, upset San Antonio, Philadelphia and Seattle in succession, and won its first NBA championship after making the playoffs 10 years in a row. Even then, seeking some sort of identity, the Bullets took on a slogan—"The opera isn't over 'til the fat lady sings," a resolve similar to "Don't count your chickens before they hatch," or something—which led to still another image. Nowadays, a woman of considerable girth, wearing flowing white robes and a horned helmet, rushes through the stands at the Capital Centre in Landover, Md. Presumably the woman is supposed to represent Brunhilde.

The funny—or sad—part of all this is that despite having the best record in pro basketball over the past six years (299–193), the Bullets have never drawn well. Not in the year they won 60 games, when they averaged less than 10,000 in an arena that seats more than 19,000. Not last year, when they failed to sell out a single regular-season game. And not this year, when they have the best record in the league and are waging a stirring battle with the Philadelphia 76ers for first place in the Atlantic Division.

"The Bullets are the best," said Guard Paul Westphal of the Phoenix Suns last week. "They are so deep and talented that they can keep sending people at you, and one or two are bound to be hot. For them to lose a game, they all have to play terrible at the same time."

That didn't happen Friday night against Phoenix when the huge Washington front liners turned the fragile Suns every which way (Mitch Kupchak rammed in 25 points, Hayes swept away 26 rebounds) while the Bullet defense held Westphal and Walter Davis to 19 points below their combined average, and Washington won 104–94. Nor did it occur three nights earlier against Chicago when the Bullets' church-mouse backcourt reserves, Charlie Johnson and Larry Wright, came off the bench to score a total of 25 points in a 109–86 rout. Nor did it take place on the road at Atlanta on Saturday, despite the Bullets' playing miserably to fall 16 points behind the Hawks with 9:21 left in the game. Then Hayes and Kupchak split 20 points down the stretch, Greg Ballard contributed valuable relief work and the champions pulled out another one, 106–102.

Aside from manifesting the team's versatility of attack, the Bullets' three victories boosted their record to 27–12 and gave them a 2½-game margin over the 76ers. Average attendance at the two home games in Landover, however, was still short of the magic 12,000 mark—which the team claims turns it on to play its best; the Bullets were 21–1 at home last season in front of 12,000-plus crowds. Nonetheless they are aware of D.C. priorities. As Guard Kevin Grevey says, "The big news in this town isn't a Bullets win, it's an ambassador's party at the Tibetan embassy."

Later this month, after the Washington cocktail circuit figures out how tall Teng Hsiao-p'ing is and why the Redskins folded, the District's attention finally may turn to the Bullets. What everybody will discover is that Hayes is still setting up on his "X" alongside the lane; Unseld is still packing his 400 pounds down in the key, from where Victor the wrestling bear couldn't budge him, and Grevey is still whistling in his left-handed rainbows from the Beltway. One hopes they will also notice another man: the quiet, inconspicuous, small forward of the Bul-

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*Dandridge, who has few peers at his position burned the Suns with 15 points in the third period*




*Supersub Kupchak, here boxing out Mike Bratz, is the bulwark of the Bullets' formidable bench*



lets, Bobby Dandridge. All Dandridge did last year was show the Bullets how to win the NBA championship. All Dandridge *is*—a fact known to his peers for a couple of years now—is the best all-round player at his position in professional basketball.

Such an observation is shared by too many reviewers to stay hidden much longer. Dandridge helped win an NBA championship at Milwaukee in 1971, but it was only his second year in the league and he was playing in the shadows of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Oscar Robertson. Bobby D, as he is known, was to benefit by playing alongside Abdul-Jabbar for four more years before the big man left the Midwest, whereupon everyone concluded that would be the end of Bobby D. But Dandridge, who signed on with the Bullets last season, now has a second championship ring.

Up until the 1978 playoffs, in which Dandridge scored, passed, played defense, switched from forward to guard when needed, blanketed San Antonio's George Gervin to win one game, outplayed Philadelphia's Julius Erving to win an entire series, then outscored his Seattle counterpart, John Johnson, by 143–54 in the championship finals, the 6′ 6″ Virginian had proceeded through his nine-year pro career—not to mention his high school and college years—virtually unnoticed.

The only thing famous about Dandridge, in fact, was his high school—Maggie Walker in Richmond, from which Arthur Ashe had emerged a few years before. Dandridge graduated in 1965. (As far as Bobby D knows, the only other basketball players from Virginia to ever amount to anything are Moses Malone and Allan Bristow, and, he says, "They *followed* me.") Even at Norfolk State, an obscure enough institution except for its celebrity in the vast reaches of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association, Dandridge could hardly be found amidst all his spectacular teammates. Surely you recall "Pee Wee" Kirkland, "Hooker" Grant and "Mad Dog" Culpepper from a team that averaged approximately 350 points a game and ran up and down the floor so fast you needed five Houston McTears to catch them.

"Back then the players from the black schools all had the stigma of not being well-rounded," Dandridge says, "but in the summers I'd travel to some of the Northern cities, play against better competition and work on my defense. The only reason I made it at Milwaukee that first year was because I could *overplay* people."

Dandridge was able to prove himself, however, only after Abdul-Jabbar left Milwaukee. "I've always done the little things well," he says. "Kareem's leaving just gave me the opportunity to stretch my game." What that meant was that rather than set up in the corners and loft his delicate one-handers over the defense, Dandridge started demonstrating his effortless one-on-one talent: short drives, head fakes, stutter steps and, especially, some marvelous back-down, turn and in-your-face stuffs. There is no wasted motion with Dandridge, no glamour-puss jukes and jams. Always he is under control, playing within himself, gliding, sliding, stroking his clipped goatee without a hint of expression on his tiny-tot face.

"What Bobby can do probably better than anybody in this league," says Grevey, "is say to a guy, 'O.K., I am going to get the ball here, dribble it to there,'—and he can point to the spot—'shoot it in the basket and there isn't a thing you can do about it.' And then he'll do it. He's like one of those Slinky toys, the way he uncoils. The man can't jump. He hardly ever runs. He doesn't have to practice. He doesn't even sweat. But he's the best, period."

The 31-year-old Dandridge looks neither strong nor fast, but he has those exceptionally long arms and quick feet, enabling him to cover—and equally important, to recover when the situation calls for it—just about any cornerman you can name.

Though his offensive statistics (an 18.9 career scoring average) have been remarkably consistent since the 1970-71 season, it was Dandridge's defensive abilities that made him so attractive to the Bullets.

"We knew we had to beat Philadelphia to get anywhere," says Washington General Manager Bob Ferry. "We needed Dandridge to neutralize Julius Erving."

Ferry had been after Dandridge ever since the erosion of Mike Riordan's skills created a hole in the lineup that the Bullets referred to as the Bermuda Triangle.

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since everybody who was tried there disappeared. When Dandridge wearied of working double time at both forward spots for the Bucks, he played out his option. Ferry was waiting more than anxiously on the doorstep.

In 1977, even though the Bullets had not yet signed Dandridge, they based their entire college draft around getting him, choosing muscleman Ballard rather than Small Forward Walter Davis, who became a sensation at Phoenix and was rookie of the year last season.

In their matchup last week, Davis held Dandridge to 1-for-9 shooting in the first half before Bobby D exploded for 15 third-quarter points to turn the game around. Davis became so infuriated by foul calls and so frustrated that he took himself out of the flow of the game. Kupchak, a teammate of Davis' for three years at North Carolina, said, "Walter is a great, great player, but he isn't Bobby Dandridge yet."

Other members of the Bullet family are effusive in their praise of Dandridge and his varied skills. Unseld says his teammate has added "a new dimension," undoubtedly referring to the exquisite passes Dandridge delivers inside, one of which Unseld converted in the final seconds to beat New Orleans, and several others which Wes used as he scored 26 points against Indiana, his highest total since the 1971-72 season. Even Hayes, not exactly magnanimous when discussing the talents of others, says, "Bobby is amazing. He never practiced during the San Antonio and Philly series and went out and played great. I've never known anyone who could do that. It's a rare gift."

Bullets Coach Dick Motta and Dandridge got along from the beginning, which was an upset right away, inasmuch as the fiery coach is a stickler for rules while Dandridge always has had an aversion to attending practice. Further, Dandridge has never hesitated to question the reason behind almost anything and everything. "Bobby's the type of guy who wants to know the temperature of the river he's crossing," says Motta.

Certainly Dandridge didn't want to cross the Potomac too many times. Because he is the only Bullet who lives in Virginia—all the rest live in Maryland, no Washington Bullet lives in *Washington* for godsake—he asked for and received permission to fly to road games out of Washington's National Airport rather than with the team out of Baltimore. "That's a country airport," Dandridge says, laughing.

Motta also lets Dandridge determine his own pace when recovering from so-called injuries. "I can talk to Dick," Dandridge says. "I told him I know my body better than anyone. I'll never cop out on this team."

"I was leery at first about Bobby," says Motta. "He had this bad rap about swaying players away from their duties, but that's all wrong. You look at his history: a fourth-round draft choice who played with Oscar and Jabbar and maintained his efficiency level after they left. Three times on the All-Star team. He has pride and desire. He's unselfish and he's a great player besides. I had to take for granted he didn't get this way by being a complete jerk."

Mutual respect stood both parties in good stead last spring when Dandridge came down with a mysterious "stiff neck" and kept himself out of the Bullets' second playoff game against Atlanta and their first playoff game against San Antonio. "I knew we could beat the Hawks," says Dandridge. "Even though we lost the game to the Spurs, I came back stronger. But you can imagine some of my conversations with Ferry."

There was little conversation with Bullet management this fall when Dandridge boycotted training camp while asking for changes in his contract. He finally reported to the team without negotiating his differences, but he still claims the Bullets "cater to their old hands," pointing out that Hayes, Unseld and the injured Phil Chenier are paid more than his $250,000 annual salary. "The club knows I'm worth more than they're giving me," Dandridge says. "The issue has not been settled."

His teammates would never begrudge Dandridge a penny. To a man, they agree he was the catalyst last season. It is also unanimous how surprised they were at that. "No fan can appreciate Bobby enough," says Kupchak. "I don't even remember him at Milwaukee, his game was so camouflaged. I came to training camp last year and didn't even recognize him. I said, 'Which one is Dandridge?' Can you imagine that? You actually have to play ball with this guy night after night to understand how good he is and what he can do."

The more the Washington Bullets do that, the better they all seem to get. **END**


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# THE WRATH OF GRAPES

**Don't cross Don (Grapes) Cherry, hockey's most dapper and outspoken coach, lest he sic one of his Boston Bruins or his bullterrier Blue on you**

*by* ***JERRY KIRSHENBAUM***

Brad Park, the Boston Bruins' All-Star defenseman, says that Coach Don Cherry makes life on the team "enjoyable." Some moments, though, are clearly less enjoyable than others. For example, early this season Cherry was angry that Park had lost the puck, enabling the Washington Capitals to salvage a last-minute 5–5 tie, so he threw a water bottle and three towels at Park. That happened just two days after Park had returned to the lineup following knee surgery. "Jeez, what did I do?" Cherry lamented. "Here a guy hurries back from an operation to help the team, and I get carried away."

Fortunately, Cherry doesn't get carried away—*really* carried away, that is—all that often. The NHL's most vocal and visible coach, he otherwise directs the Bruins with a studied mixture of sternness and malarkey. Cherry believes in hard-nosed, tight-checking hockey and he expects his players to go into the corners, never to back away from fights and to be fresher in the third period than in the first. "We don't win, my family doesn't eat," he growls. Happily for his loved ones, his team wins; a Stanley Cup finalist the last two years, this season Boston has been battling the Montreal Canadiens and the New York Islanders for the league's best record.

But Cherry, 44, is not just another hockey tough guy. He claims that "Nobody in this game has more fun than I do." Cherry's fun takes different forms. He has been known to yell "Gong!" when removing errant players from games, and he incessantly carries on about Blue, his beloved bullterrier. Several photos of this valorous beast are on display in his cramped Boston Garden office, but none of his wife Rose. He enjoys telling his players that Blue is brave, mean and true—just as they themselves must be.

When his players' eyes glaze over at talk of Blue, Cherry spins inspirational tales of dreadnoughts and great naval battles. An avid reader of biographies of Lord Nelson, Sir Francis Drake and other heroes of the sea, he tells his men, "Always listen to your skipper. If you don't, you'll be thrown overboard."

Cherry is indeed a showman. "My hair, is my hair all right?" he frets at the start of television interviews. He needn't worry; every strand of his thinning mop is sure to be in place. By far the best groomed of all NHL coaches, who as a group are not known for sartorial splendor, Cherry sports a handsome and expensive assortment of mix-and-match ensembles that he tops off with stickpins, cuff links and chains. In hopes of looking thinner, before games the 5′ 11½″, 210-pound Cherry squeezes into jackets at least a size too small. Thus girdled, he has the uncomfortable appearance of an urchin forced to dress for church when he could be stealing hubcaps.

The voluble Cherry is a favorite with writers and broadcasters, who consider him the best interview in hockey. When the Bruins traded Winger Ken Hodge to the New York Rangers for Rick Middleton three years ago, Cherry, who hadn't been a fan of Hodge's, said to the press, "I would have traded him for the Ranger trainer just to get rid of him." After several NHL trainers complained about the remark, Cherry declared in all apparent seriousness, "I should have said I'd have traded him for the Rangers' Zamboni driver."

Cherry's willingness to offend absolutely anybody was demonstrated beyond further doubt at the Bruins' recent Christmas party, which was attended by players, wives, kids and dogs. Blue was absent, and when the Boston *Globe*'s John Ahern asked the reason, Cherry deadpanned, "Having Blue around these other dogs would be like bringing Raquel Welch into the wives' room." Next day, in his car after practice, Cherry asked Defenseman Mike Milbury, who was looking at a newspaper in the back

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seat, to read aloud Ahern's account of the Christmas party.

When Milbury finished, Cherry's jaw dropped. "He didn't print my line about Raquel Welch. That gutless ——."

Probably the most audacious thing about Cherry, though, is the way he keeps his team rolling along. Now in his fifth year as coach, Cherry has conned, kidded and bullied the Bruins to three consecutive Adams Division titles as well as the two appearances in the Stanley Cup finals. They lost to Montreal both times, but last spring carried the prepotent Canadiens to a surprisingly tough six games.

The Bruins succeed even though they have few players anywhere near as colorful as Cherry. Unlike the dazzling Canadiens, the Bruins boast only two certified NHL stars, Park, who recently reinjured his knee, and Goalie Gerry Cheevers. The Boston lineup includes the likes of the aggressive Terry O'Reilly and defensive specialist Don Marcotte, both solid performers, but neither a Guy Lafleur. The rest of the roster is largely filled with retreads.

All of which is fine with Cherry. Calling the Bruins the Lunchpail Athletic Club, he emphasizes teamwork ("The ship comes before everybody") and the rewards of patience and hard work. He admonishes the Bruins to play within their limitations, even the talented Park, who, paradoxically, became a full-fledged star only after Cherry prevailed upon him to forgo his rink-long rushes and concentrate on playmaking. The upshot—another paradox—is that some of the Bruins appear to be performing *beyond* their limitations.

One overachiever is Middleton, a swift winger who under Cherry's whip has overcome an aversion to back-checking and become a fine two-way player—and has made the Bruins glad they got *him* for Hodge rather than the Ranger trainer or Zamboni driver. Another is John Wensink, until recently nothing more than the Bruins' enforcer. When the bruising but heavy-footed Wensink, who had been released by St. Louis in 1974, scored a career-high 16 goals last season, hockey fans considered it a fluke. They know better now. Showing moves nobody dreamed he had, Wensink has 24 goals already this season.

Middleton and Wensink are two of Cherry's so-called "projects," the term he uses for players "you see something in but have to work like mad to get out."

Cherry's longtime nickname is Grapes, short for "sour grapes," but he is, in fact, *contrary and convivial in fairly equal* parts. On the one hand, he freely airs his players' shortcomings to reporters and works them so hard that when he slipped on the ice at practice one recent morning, somebody applauded and somebody else hollered, "Serves you right." Yet he is also a "players' coach," according to Marcotte. Cherry showers with the boys, joins them for beer and makes up for badmouthing them in one breath by praising them to the skies in the next. He doesn't believe in bed checks, curfews or fines, explaining, "If I can't trust my players, I don't want them on my team."

"Grapes is tough and buddy-buddy at the same time," says Park. "He pulls it off because the guys all know where they stand. If he's mad at you, he lets you know it. And he sticks to his guns. That's better than having to guess where you stand, the way it is with some coaches."

The Bruins placed only seventh in the league in penalties last season, but you wouldn't know it to hear their coach. He openly boasts about how the Bruins' Stan Jonathan, who stands 5'8", chopped down 6'2" Montreal Defenseman Pierre Bouchard in a fight during the fourth game of last year's Stanley Cup finals, and he pays the feisty Jonathan the supreme compliment of saying, "He reminds me of Blue." Similarly, Cherry enjoys relating how Wensink challenged the entire Minnesota bench to fight last season and had no takers.

"People talk about a crackdown on violence. That's ridiculous," Cherry snaps. "It's the intellectuals talking. The people who pay the dough love fighting. It's part of the game and sells tickets."

Cherry is also one of the few to speak out against the growing use of helmets in the NHL, a view shared, though not publicly, by most coaches and general managers. This season Cherry talked rookie Al Secord and veteran Mike Walton into discarding their helmets, and the Bruins now have only four players wearing them, fewer than any other NHL club. "I think hockey players are losing some identity," Cherry says. "Can you imagine Gordie Howe in a helmet? Or the Rocket? What gets me is the way some guys wear helmets that would stop a .44 magnum but they still won't go into the corners."

The suspicion grows that Cherry is deliberately taking on the world, hoping that his team will thrive on the resulting adversity. This would help explain his *running battle with the Bruin front office*. Unhappy that all 10 of the team's exhibition games and six of its first eight regular-season games were played on the road, Cherry complained loud and long about the "safari." When Secord scored his first NHL goal and Winger Bobby Schmautz his 200th, they were given the pucks as souvenirs—only to discover that they lacked the NHL insignia. Cherry fumed. He called Boston management skinflints for using "practice pucks" in games. He also complained that his $60,000 salary left him impoverished compared to certain other NHL coaches. Cherry's current two-year contract expires on June 15, and there have been persistent rumors that he will be coaching elsewhere next season.

Finally, three weeks ago General Manager Harry Sinden called Cherry in to clear the air. The coach promised to muzzle himself, and Sinden promised to have a new contract offer on the table before long. Sinden says, "I told Don he can promote his players, his trainer and his dog all he wants—but not at our expense. The same goes for his we-vs.-them approach. Fine. But *I* want to be left out of it."

Cherry concedes, "I was making Harry look bad and shouldn't have. I was going through some rough things and I guess I lost my cool."

The biggest strain on Cherry, certainly, was the serious illness of his 15-year-old son Timothy, an ordeal that made life suddenly less rollicking. The boy's kidneys failed last August and he was placed on a dialysis machine. However, he contracted anemia and high blood pressure, making a transplant advisable. Cindy Cherry, Timothy's 21-year-old sister, volunteered, and last October 10, Don Cherry's two children underwent what was apparently a successful transplant. Timothy has since enrolled as a freshman in high school, while Cindy has taken a job as a veterinary technician.

"The kids are fine, thank the Lord," Cherry said one evening in his den, the walls of which are covered with prints depicting various naval battles. Rose and the children were in the kitchen, where Blue was nosing around for scraps. "Jeez, it sure hit me when I saw Cindy, a healthy girl, going into surgery," Cherry went on. "And Tim, well, I thought about the times I could have taken him fishing but didn't. Now that I've got a second

chance, we're going to get a sailboat and spend more time together."

But will Cherry ever hoist the sails on the boat? As Rose and the kids never stop reminding him, he has taken them on just one vacation, a 10-day trip to Hawaii during which he ventured out of his hotel room only at night. Cherry—or "Dracula," as Timothy has called him ever since—explains that he had enough sun, thanks, while operating a jackhammer every summer to flesh out his meager earnings as a hockey player. He played 17 years in the pros but made it to the NHL for exactly one game. That was in 1955 when Cherry, a scrappy 21-year-old defenseman, took a regular shift for Boston in a 5–1 loss to Montreal in the Stanley Cup semifinals. He was a plodding skater, though, and he languished ever after in places like Hershey, Pa., Springfield, Tulsa and Spokane.

Cherry's longest stretch as a player was with the Rochester Americans. Besides his usual summertime work with the jackhammer, he tried selling cars in Rochester. That career ended the day a customer told him, "You car salesmen are all alike." Cherry grabbed the fellow by the lapels, pushed him against a wall and walked out. During the 1970-71 season when he was with Rochester, Cherry was eased out as a player and hired as coach but then was fired at season's end. As he cleaned out his desk, Cherry heard the team's PR man and his secretary laughing about his being sacked. A few weeks later the team was sold and the new owners hired Cherry as coach and general manager. The PR man and secretary were fired in quick order.

"I could taste their blood," Cherry says. "I let them squirm, then fired the publicity guy first, just so I could see the secretary cry. Then I let her suffer another week before I fired her. By that time, she wanted to leave."

Building a new team from scratch, Cherry guided Rochester to third place in the American Hockey League in 1971-72 and to the title the next year. His style of hockey was early *Slap Shot*, thanks largely to Wensink, who joined the team in Cherry's second year and was suspended twice for beating up opponents. Cherry, who in his spare time wore kilts and played tenor drum in the City of Rochester pipe band, was once arrested for assault after he went into the stands to battle some hecklers during an exhibition game in Barrie, Ontario. During the fracas a man decked Cherry and a woman in high heels kicked him. He kicked her back. He was convicted and given a year's probation. He later received a tearful call from his mother. "She wanted to know why I couldn't keep out of trouble," Cherry says. "What could I say? I'm like Popeye. I am's what I am."

In 1974 Sinden made Cherry coach of the Bruins, who had just lost to Philadelphia in the Stanley Cup finals. The Bruins had Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito, but they had gone through three coaches in four years and were showing signs of wear. In Cherry's first season Esposito led the NHL in goals and Orr did the same in assists and points, yet the Bruins were upset in the preliminary playoff round by a mediocre Chicago team. Cherry winces when he talks about that season. "It was a team of successful but undisciplined players," he says. "The way they listened to me, I could have been Mickey Mouse."

Boston started slowly the next season and Cherry's job was in jeopardy. Then Sinden dealt Esposito and Defenseman Carol Vadnais to the New York Rangers in the big and immediately successful trade that brought Park and Center Jean Ratelle to the Bruins. Cherry doesn't waste too many noble sentiments on Esposito, who had indirectly criticized him the previous season by telling interviewers that Boston wasn't "mentally prepared" for many games. Nonetheless, Cherry vowed to keep his players mentally prepared from that moment on. It is a pledge he has fulfilled. Minus the traded Esposito and the injured Orr, the Bruins recovered from their slow start and finished the 1975-76 season atop the Adams Division, and they have resided there with few interruptions ever since.

Now a proven coach, Cherry is sitting pretty. He awaits Sinden's contract offer, secure in the knowledge that there are other NHL clubs that could use his services, too. "I could adapt if I went to another team," he says. "I've been moving around all my life, you know."

Could it be that combative, fun-loving Don Cherry suffers from a mild case of insecurity? *Nawwww*, he replies. Having bounced around all those years in the minors, he's sure not about to be insecure now. Might it be, though, that he has grown too attached to the Bruins for his own good? "I *love* the Bruins!" he blurts. "Those guys are like my sons." Coming from Boston's emotional skipper, the outburst means nothing—and everything. Everybody knows that if they displease him, Cherry would throw any of those players he loves overboard in a minute. Yet in a way, they *are* like his sons. After all, it's unlikely that any hockey team has ever been cast in its coach's image more perfectly than Don Cherry's Lunchpail Athletic Club. **END**



*The way Cherry sees it, his best friend Blue qualifies as the Raquel Welch of the canine set*

*Principals in the Lake Placid saga include John M. Wilkins (below), a self-styled doer, the Rev. J. Bernard Fell (right), a doubter, and Patr Spurney, a newly hired shaker and mover*







# ALL'S NOT TRANQUIL AT PLACID

**Preparations for the Olympics go on amid charges of bungling and worse**

***by ROBERT H. BOYLE***

It has come to be a fundamental fact of pre-Olympic life that organizing committees inevitably find themselves in trouble. This axiom applies to Winter as well as to Summer Games, so it is no shock to find there are troubles aplenty in Lake Placid For the past several months the little upstate New York community, the site of next February's Winter Olympics, has been beset with rumors of bungling and high jinks, even higher living and corruption.

A sampling of newspaper headlines indicates just a few of the problems: SUSPICIONS CLOUD LAKE PLACID, OLYMPIC PIPE CONTRACT PROBED, MAILING PERMIT REVOKED There also has been speculation that the Games couldn't—and wouldn't—be held because the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee is skating on financially thin ice. And there have been stories, notably from the Ottaway News Service—part of a Dow Jones subsidiary that serves 19 newspapers—concerning questionable bidding practices, cost overruns, a $6.6 million lawsuit filed by two direct-mail fund raisers alleging breach of contract and fraud by the LPOOC, and a suspect $800,000 insurance contract awarded without bidding to two nephews of one John M. Wilkins, who also happens to be a member of the Lake Placid Olympic executive committee and the chairman of its broadcast and marketing division.

All of the stories, and all the talk they generated, prompted U.S. authorities, who had shoveled $56 million into the Games, to announce that they would investigate the matter. But what they have done is add to the confusion. Last November, Harold Williams, deputy assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce, announced that his Economic Development Administration would look into possible criminal violations at Lake Placid. Several weeks ago Williams said that the EDA had concluded its investigation and that no criminal charges were likely to result. No sooner had Williams spoken than the Ottaway News Service released an internal memo, written by Guy W. Chamberlin Jr., the acting Inspector General at Commerce, in which he demanded an immediate "general across-the-board investigation" of "allegations of substantial irregularities" at Lake Placid.

With all this, it is time to put Lake Placid in perspective, which is fitting because the slogan of the local organizers in happier days was "The Olympics in Perspective."

- The games are going to be held. Action starts Feb. 13, 1980. Count on it.
- Yes, there is a cash-flow shortage for both construction ($17 million, including $2 million in overruns) and administration (take your pick of $4 million or $9 million)
- But according to Petr Spurney, the new $100,000-a-year hot-shot general manager for the LPOOC, "We have money on hand for all workers on jobs now. Construction is no crisis."
- The entire production—athletes, medals, bunting and all—will cost roughly $150 million, about half of it federal money. This is some $50 million over original estimates.

The troubles are largely self-inflicted. In fact, the Lake Placid saga is a sort of Norman Lear television series on skis, a classic tale of a small town anywhere. Lake Placid is a village of 3,000 nestled in the Adirondack Mountains, where everybody knows everybody else and/or is related (shades of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*). Everybody talks. Telling it like it is, everybody blabs. "Anything I say in an executive committee meeting is known to the public in an hour," says Spurney, who regards leaks as an occupational hazard.

Scratching out a living in this federally designated depressed area isn't easy, and not everyone was (or is) for the 1980 Olympics. The 1932 Winter Games, which were held in Lake Placid, failed to pay off in lasting tourism or business, leaving the little town about as broke as ever, and nowadays many villagers get livid when they hear how much money some of the folks who work for the LPOOC are making. Publication of a confidential list of salaries in the *Adirondack Enterprise* caused an uproar "One time these people were dedicated to promoting the Olympics heart and soul," says Matt Clark, the town clerk of North Elba, the most popular politician around (12 straight wins) and an Olympic critic. "Now there's money, and they want to be paid."

Take the case of George Christian Ortloff, who campaigned for village trustee last year and while doing so vowed that he wouldn't become involved with the LPOOC because "no man can serve two masters." Upon election, Ortloff and his wife took jobs with the LPOOC at $15,000 and $11,000 each. "Chris told me that his earlier campaign statement is his biggest problem now," says Spurney, "but then, he figured the Olympics were once in a lifetime."

There also is the question of 31 official Olympic automobiles, donated by Ford, which some LPOOC staff members get to drive—and charge the gas on state credit cards. Let an Olympic car be parked outside a supermarket or, worse yet, a bar, and tongues wag from one end of the village to the other. Housing in Lake Placid has stirred more bitter comment. Needless to say, all of the 2,000 motel rooms in town have already been booked, and the International Olympic Committee has commandeered all of the Lake Placid Club, a gloomy warren of some 500 rooms. Athletes will be well housed, if not luxuriously, in quarters being built for the occasion. The press was to have been quartered in Plattsburgh, 50 miles down the road from Lake Placid, but Spurney says that situation is being reviewed. Olympic spectators will be far-flung, indeed. All of this has given birth to a mini boom in the rental of local houses. Residents are asking up to $25,000 for the use of their homes dur-

*continued*

ing February, and one gets the impression that when the Games start there won't be a local left in town.

"The moral issues are very, very severe," says Father William D. Hayes, rector of Lake Placid's St. Eustace Episcopal Church. "Everyone's trying to get their share of the dollar, and some people are trying to get their share of the dollar at the expense of their neighbors. The ideal of the Olympics in Perspective is a worthy one—but that ideal is not attainable in today's world. The ideals of Pete Rose are where we are today."

This growing sense of uneasiness is mixed with a strong dash of naiveté and a marked hostility toward outsiders, especially the press. The LPOOC executive director (at $22,000 per year), J. Bernard Fell, a local cop who became a Methodist minister and is known as "The Rev.," recently said, "If I could go back to 1974, there never would be an Olympic Games here. Good, respectable people are being lambasted. Dedicated volunteers are being dragged through the mire." To which Charles Carlson, a state Department of Transportation engineer who was on loan to the LPOOC until he was accused of "double dipping" on his expense account, moaned, "Oh, it's just been awful."

Trouble began to heat up last March when Norman Hess, a local attorney who was not only a member of the LPOOC but its counsel as well, was notified that he had been charged with failure to make timely filings of his 1973 and 1974 federal income-tax returns. Ordered to appear in court, Hess immediately contacted the LPOOC and submitted his resignation to spare the Winter Games adverse advance publicity. The resignation was accepted. Alas, news of the court action blanketed the Adirondacks. In August, Hess pleaded guilty to one of the counts. He was fined $10,000 and sentenced to 30 days in the Albany and Clinton County jails. The sentence was later reduced to 10 days, of which he served eight. Last week he was suspended from law practice for two years by the New York State Bar Association, and any time his name comes up now—which is like on the hour—his woes are tied to the tail of the LPOOC.

This only helps to fuel more rumors. According to local scuttlebutt, one staff member of the LPOOC was supposed to have received $80,000 under the table as a kickback on a contract. Everyone has heard the rumor, including Spurney, who investigated and says it isn't true. "The allegations will fly and continue to fly," Spurney says. "I've heard them all. Throughout the entire operation there has been nothing illegal or criminal to my knowledge."

Meanwhile the U.S. Commerce Department audited LPOOC expenses and further muddied matters by goofing on the name of Committeeman Arch Swinyer ($25,000 a year) so that it came out "A. Swinger." Either way, the Commerce auditors charged A. Swinger with excessive entertainment expenses. The audit also prompted news stories about first-class flights by committee members. The news stories originated with the Ottaway Service and appeared in the *The Times Union* of Albany and Plattsburgh's *Press-Republican*, among other papers; they were also picked up by Associated Press. But a check of the records shows that only one staff member flew first class, and that was because the plane's economy section was fully booked.

Another story had it that a member of the LPOOC switched from a $33 hotel room to one that cost $41. He did, indeed: the records show that he switched rooms because he was in New York City one night and Pittsburgh the next. The room in Pittsburgh cost more. The facts didn't catch up with these stories, but that doesn't cut any ice in a village where folks are eager to see—and to talk about—who's getting what slice of the Eskimo pie.

There has been criticism of the Gilbane Building Co. of Providence, which the LPOOC retained to manage Olympic construction. Last November the Economic Development Administration refused to pay Gilbane $376,000 because the company wouldn't let the EDA inspect construction-test records. Ed Lewi, the public relations director for the LPOOC, then said that all the test records would be made available to the feds, but that they would not be made public because "those documents belong to a private business." After inspecting the records, the EDA last week paid Gilbane the money, even while their hassle continued to stir up talk.

More travail came when American Marketing Consultants, Inc. and Election Research and Management Associates, Inc., which had been retained to raise funds by direct-mail solicitation of the public, sued the LPOOC for breach of contract. The fund raisers also alleged that the LPOOC had withdrawn $330,000 from an escrow account that had been set aside in the Bank of Lake Placid to pay suppliers who sent premiums, such as wall plaques and glassware, to contributors. The two firms also asked $5 million in punitive damages from John M. Wilkins, chairman of the broadcast and marketing division of the LPOOC. A month before filing the suit, Wayne Bonney, president of American Marketing, wrote the LPOOC that his company had encountered such difficulty with Wilkins and his associates that he was advised to request that a court reporter be present to record further meetings. Moreover, Bonney also requested that an updated and unabridged English language dictionary be available "to settle any questions regarding words and their usage during the meetings."

Last month the two firms settled for 12¢ on the dollar for themselves and 28¢ on the dollar for most suppliers. This means, Bonney says, that his firm got 12¢ for every dollar billed, and it settled because it needed the money. Still, Bonney regards the settlement as proving he was right in his charges. "The Lake Placid committee admitted they took money out of the escrow account improperly, in violation of the contract," he says. "They later replaced the money, which was acknowledgment that they had done wrong." After waiting for the settlement check from the LPOOC to clear, Bonney, who says he took the Olympic account as a labor of love, promised to do everything in his power to bring about a full and open investigation of the Lake Placid Games.

"I don't think anyone at Lake Placid is a thief," he says, "but the spirit in which the Lake Placid committee obtained the Olympics was one of pride, challenge and honor. Then, because of easy access to large amounts of money, the situation developed into mismanagement and perhaps unethical business decisions. I don't believe the Federal Government should give Lake Placid another dime until a complete investigation is held and all possible private avenues of funding are exhausted."

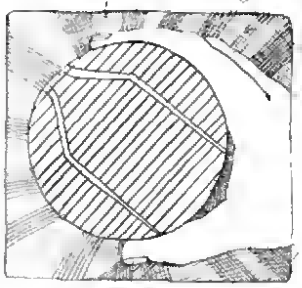
Settlement of the suit out of court got Wilkins and his committee off the hook for possible punitive damages, but the chairman has been the subject of considerable criticism for the LPOOC's so-

*continued*

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called "wrap-up" insurance policy. The adage that there is no one with endurance like the man who sells insurance fits Wilkins perfectly. Wilkins, 56, has been in insurance and real estate in Lake Placid for 31 years, and in that time, he is proud to note, both of his businesses have become the biggest of their kind in the North Country. Wilkins has the reputation of being very shrewd, often to the point of arousing enmity. He agrees. "I've caught flak all my life," he says. "Why? Because I'm aggressive. I work damn hard. But I know—and the people who know me know—that I'm not a crook."

By his own account, Wilkins is a doer. He gets up early so he can finish first. A former member of the village board and a deputy mayor, he has been or is related by blood or marriage to five members of the LPOOC, including Ron MacKenzie, the 75-year-old president and 1936 Olympic bobsledder who died of a heart attack just before Christmas at the inauguration of the 70-meter jump, and Art Devlin, a local motel owner and a national ski-jump champion in the 1940s. Wilkins has been busy buying real estate in Lake Placid. "Buying it as fast as I can," he says. "People will go around saying that after the Olympic games are over, Wilkins will have another couple of million. Well, I hope I do. But it won't be by any dishonest means."

Also by his own account, Wilkins was a natural to take over the chairmanship of the broadcast and marketing division ($32,000 per). He recalls that, "When they appointed a chairman they said, 'We need a son of a bitch. Who's the worst son of a bitch here?' And they all looked at me."

Wilkins' chairmanship did not prevent his insurance firm, Wilkins Agency, Inc., from bidding on Olympic insurance. The agency outbid competitors for the liability and fidelity policies but lost on hospitalization—which prompts Wilkins to say, "I guess that's a point in our favor." After construction contracts were awarded, Wilkins and his nephew, Robert Damp (who, along with his brother Edward, works for Uncle John's agency), and Norm Hess drafted the legal specifications for the so-called "wrap-up" policy. In everyday language, this policy would cover any accident anywhere involving the Lake Placid Olympics. "If you have an electrician, a plumber or a steelworker, and he falls down a hole, did he trip over the wire left by an electrician or land on the pipe left by a plumber?" Wilkins says. "With a wrap-up policy, there's no argument over who pays."

According to Wilkins, the Economic Development Administration decided that it wanted a wrap-up policy for the Games and, he says, "We immediately made a proposal—we meaning the Wilkins Agency, Inc. The EDA rejected it because of a conflict of interest, because I own Wilkins Agency 100%. I'm just as ambitious as any other businessman, so I said to the EDA that I would resign from the Olympic committee. They said that wouldn't work, either. The fact that you were a member of the board would still make it a conflict of interest." With Wilkins unable to write the wrap-up, Bob and Ed Damp, both experienced insurance men ("These are not two jerks off the street," says Uncle John), came up with a separate corporation, Placid Management Limited, to bid for the policy. "EDA investigated them, me, and approved their proposal and approved them and approved their corporation," says Wilkins. "The corporation is owned 50% by Robert Damp and 50% by Edward Damp and zero by me."

Unlike the other policies, however, this one wasn't put out to bid. "Why, I don't know," says Wilkins. Published reports say that the brothers Damp stand to make $200,000 profit on the $800,000 contract. "Grossly inaccurate," says Wilkins of the figure, although he refuses to supply the correct one himself. When news of the policy became known, there were cries of nepotism. The Rev. Fell responded, "There is a lot of nepotism. We are proud of our nepotism up in the hill country. We need our relatives. The Lord knows there are a lot of them, and we are proud of it." He also pointed out that the Lake Placid committee had made all of this abundantly clear two years ago when members had appeared before a House subcommittee to seek funds. "Congress understood that completely," the Rev. recently told the *Boston Globe*. "When we testified before the committee, that was one of the things that we alluded to with a great deal of pride. That we had husbands and wives and sons and daughters all involved. And we were congratulated by Congressman Rooney that we did."

Ramon Lopez, the project general manager for Gilbane Building, agrees with Fell's assessment. "If you're staying in a motel here, chances are a committee member owns it," he says. "If you go out to eat, a committee member probably owns the restaurant."

Although the word nepotism is derived from nephew, Wilkins says no nepotism really is involved because "the government's rule on nepotism is father, mother, son, daughter, sister, and if the relationship is beyond that point, it's not nepotism."

Spurney, who took over the new general manager's position at Lake Placid in early November just as the insurance case was heating up, calls that deal "unfortunate." The EDA investigated the case and found no conflict of interest, but Spurney makes it obvious that the episode would not have occurred had he been in charge.

Spurney is a no-nonsense aeronautical engineer who moved from international air shows into what he calls "event management," in which professional management is incorporated with community desires. He says that he saved the Spokane Expo in 1974 and the Freedom Train after that. In full command at Lake Placid, Spurney has been paring costs—he says he has trimmed $10 million from the administration budget—and he is attempting to restore public, corporate and government confidence in the Lake Placid Olympics. He is certain that the Games will come off and that this will indeed be an Olympics in Perspective. At a press conference last week Spurney announced that the government has kicked in an additional $15 million toward construction cost overruns, bringing that particular budget gap down to a "firm" $17 million. Spurney also pegged prospective revenues from fund raising and ticket sales at $41 million.

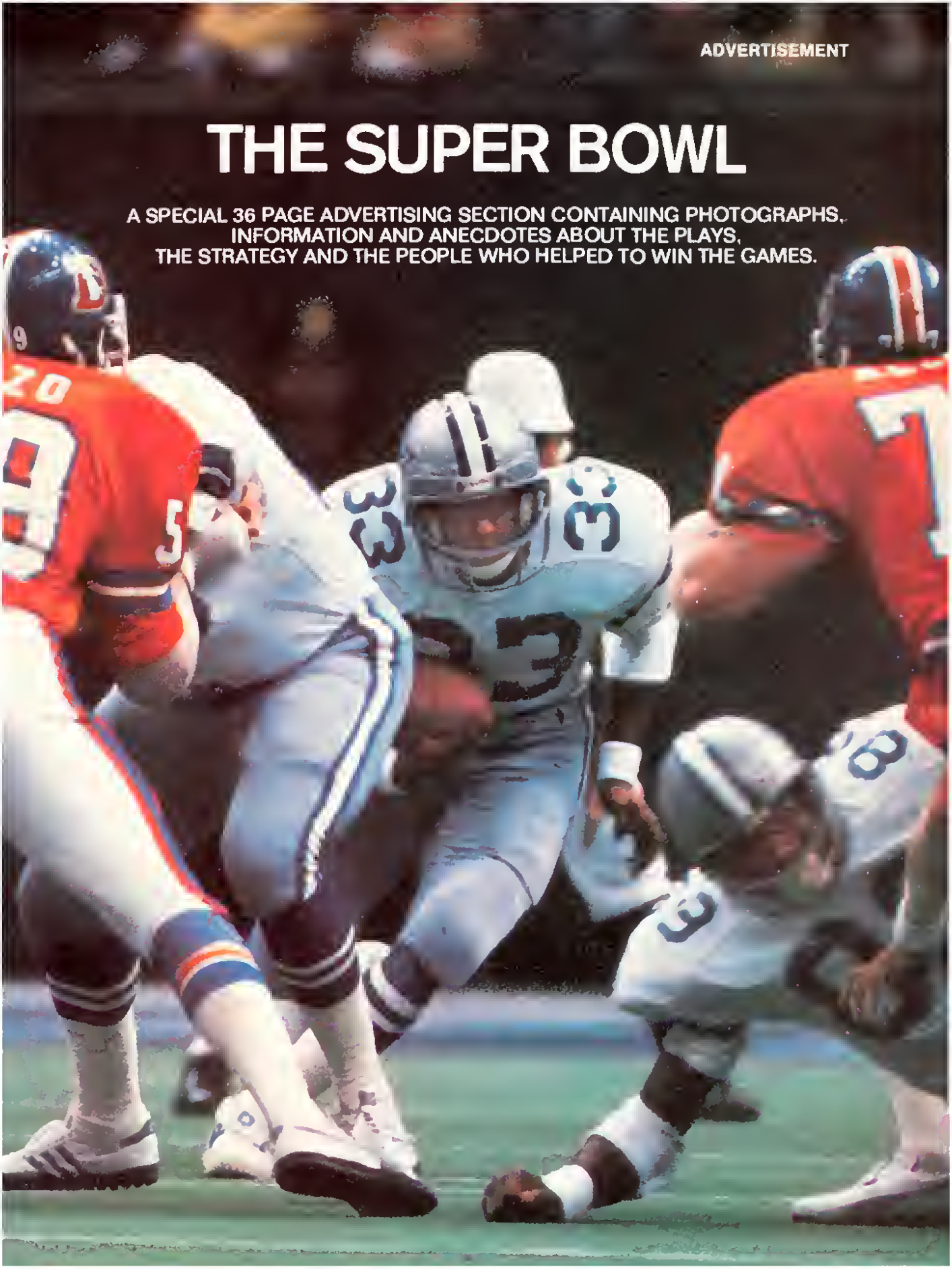
Wilkins promptly disagreed. The revenues would turn out to be more like $46 million, he said, not including ticket sales. Asked at the conference why he thought Spurney was downgrading his efforts, Wilkins allowed that, "If you are going to be a dragon slayer, you've got to find a dragon."

As Spurney sees it, the troubles at Lake Placid have largely been of Lake Placid. "Lake Placid was the committee and the committee was Lake Placid," he says. "One of the statements around here is that, 'We have met the enemy, and he is us.'" **END**

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The Super Bowl is the only game played in the National Football League in which there isn't a chance for a complaint about the post-game delivery of game films. Following all other NFL contests, from the first played in pre-season to the Conference championships a step below the Big One, getting the films to the coaches in a hurry has enjoyed a Triple-A priority, all dressed up with lab technicians trying to get it right the first time, couriers scrambling for midnight planes and coordinated pickups at the other end.

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He's spotted something special, something that might provide additional insight into some situation that had either cost dearly or had paid handsome dividends. It's a prime item he's seeking and subconsciously, along with it, his mind will be sifting a half-hundred nuances. A coaching staff could no more operate without films than it could without the coffee-maker that hasn't been turned off from the day it was first purchased.

First there is the basic concept of offense vs. defense. The whole thing is built on the idea that the offense is handicapped by having to fend off eleven defenders with ten offensive players. (The quarterback, stands above such mundane matters like "You take him," and "Pick up that tackler.") On the other hand the offense has the edge of knowing what's going to happen, or what it's going to try to have happen. Balance these two factors perfectly, have a reasonable matchup in personnel, and you'll have a game worth remembering.

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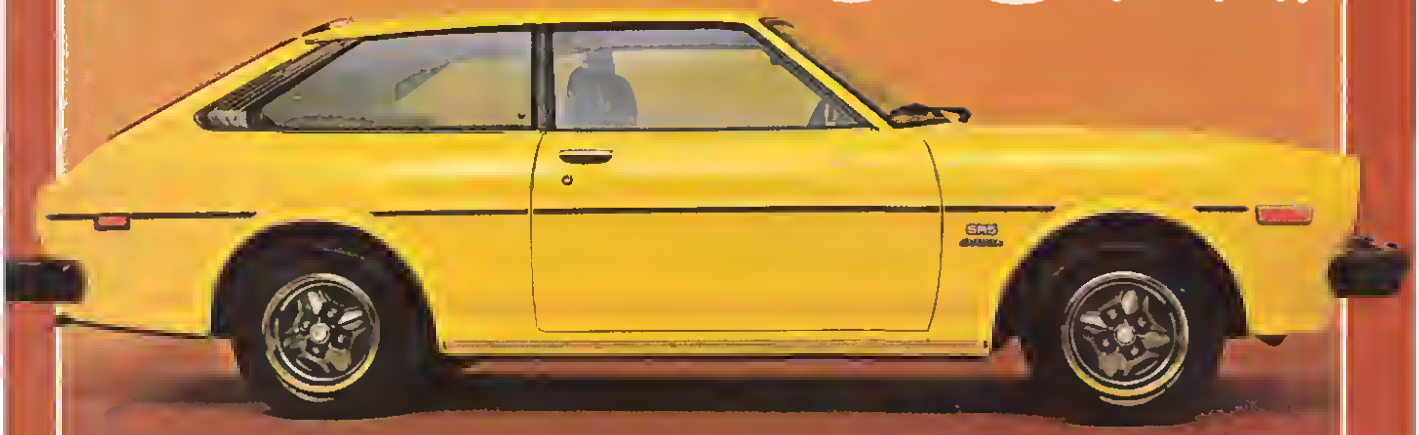

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to win the first two Super Bowls and provided him with the luxury of observing that there were any number of teams in the NFL able to beat Kansas City, the American Football League's representative which he had just swamped, in Super Bowl I. Lombardi was probably right—at the time. He lived to see Kansas City beat the National League's best, the Vikings, in Super Bowl IV. That was the game on January 11, 1970 where Kansas City beat Minnesota 23-7 and Hank Stram remarked that the Viking defense looked like a "Chinese fire drill."

Green Bay beat the Chiefs in Super Bowl I, then the Oakland Raiders in Super Bowl II because the Packers had won the battle in the line. In Hollywood the dictum used to run, "Nothing happens until someone sits down and knocks it out on the typewriter," meaning all that high-priced acting, directing, and producing talent must wait for the one scruffy character with the chapped knuckles and debatable breath to get going.

The analogy is strong in football. The impetus must come from one of the five offensive linemen. The defense hopes to overpower, finesse, intimidate or otherwise nullify one or more of these and get to the quarterback. It sounds like one of those juvenile games you can weary of after the first ten minutes but the combinations are almost infinite with those four defensive linemen, those three linebackers and the four defensive backs.

Definite mathematical proportions govern a team's winning or losing. Man to man in the line the guard or the offensive tackle must win 80 percent or more of the "battles".

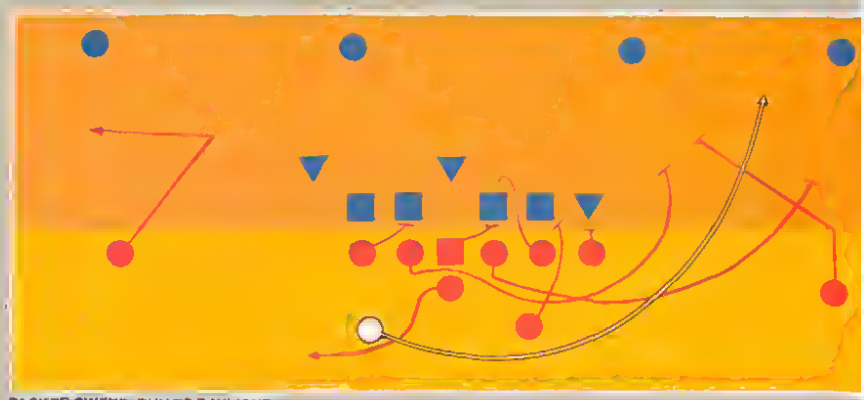
You can tell when the offense is dominating if:

1. Its running plays are effective.

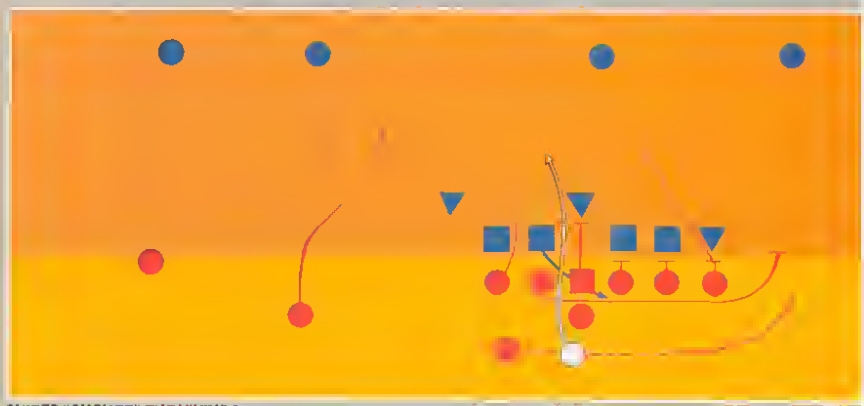
2. Its percentage of completions are going up, not down.

You can tell when the defense is dominating if:

1. They're stopping the run-



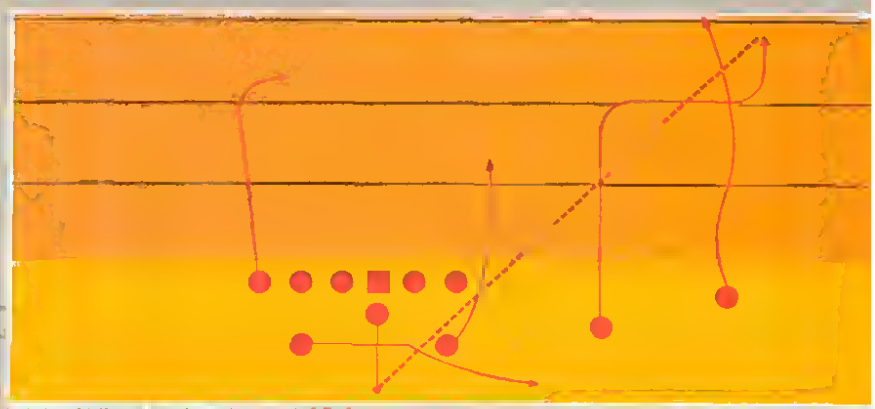
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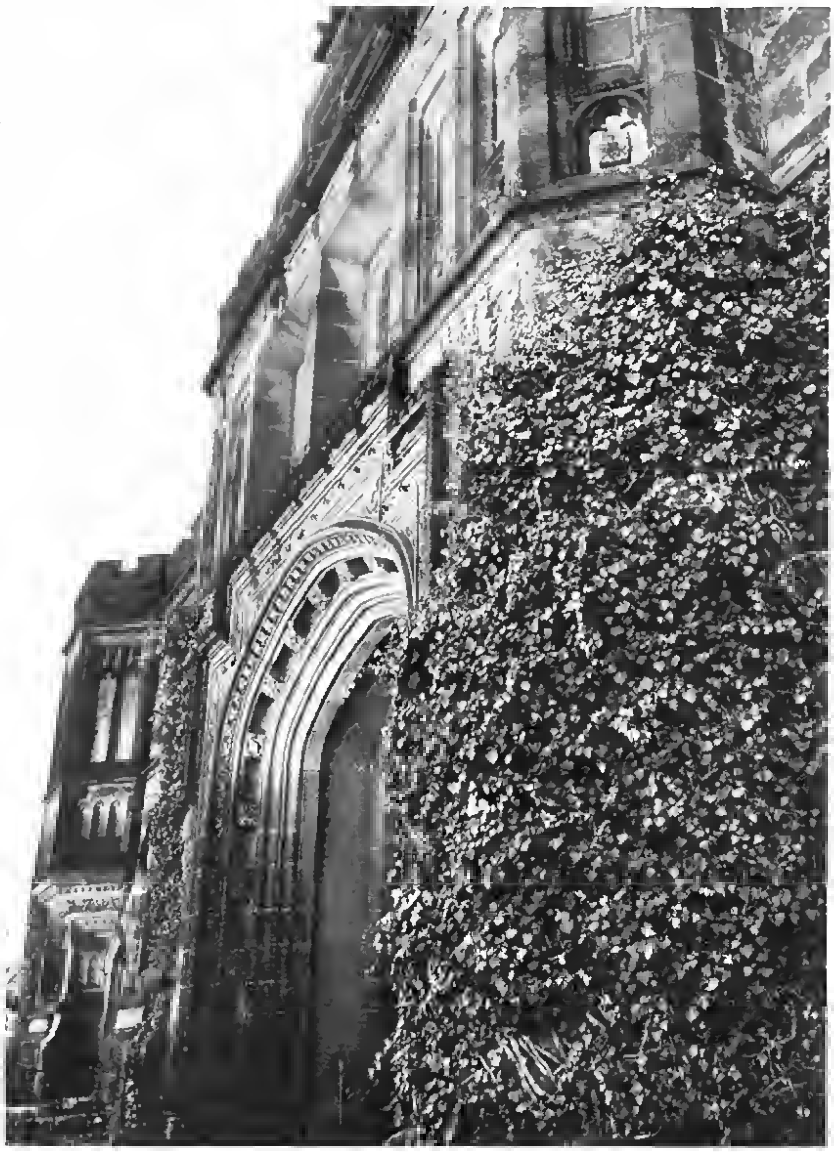
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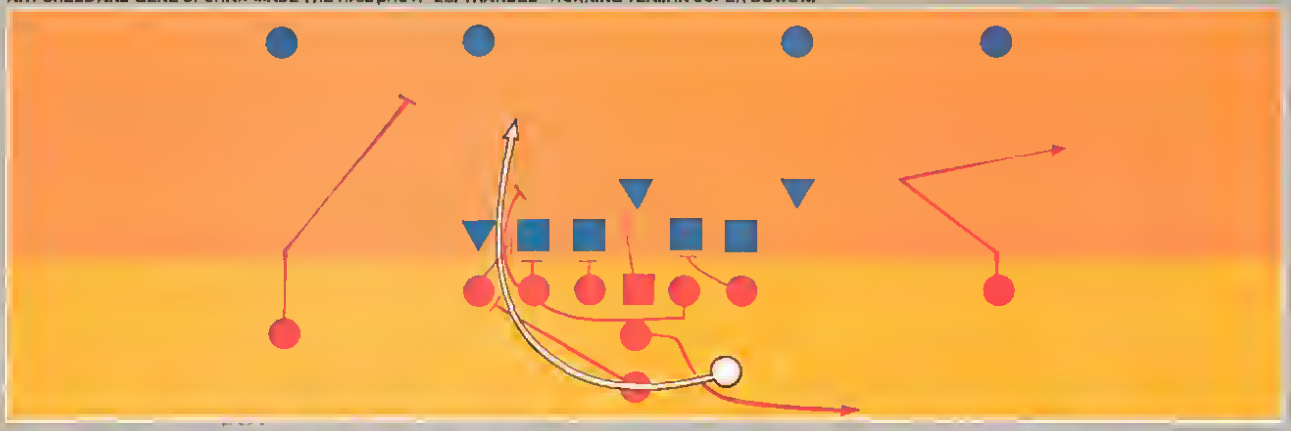
Offenses operate out of either a balanced or un-balanced line. Like most people, most teams are "righthanded," meaning the strength of its formations usually go to the right side. The tight end, biggest and strongest if not the fastest of the three receivers, lines up on that side.

Since players and coaches are trained to recognize balanced and unbalanced formations immediately the situations lend themselves to occasional deception. For example: in the first and fourth Super Bowls, Kansas City went for the Tight-I formation, where the tight end lined up in the backfield, then shifted to the right or left side of the line, thereby disguising the strength of the formation until the last possible moment. It happened not to work too well against Green Bay but it helped in their 23-7 victory over the Vikings.

In Super Bowl IV, the Vikings were unable to adjust to Fred Arbanas, the Chief's TE, and were forced to concentrate on where he was going, rather than countering offensive moves at the line of scrimmage. It helped launch the Vikings on their string of four Super Bowl losses, a record.

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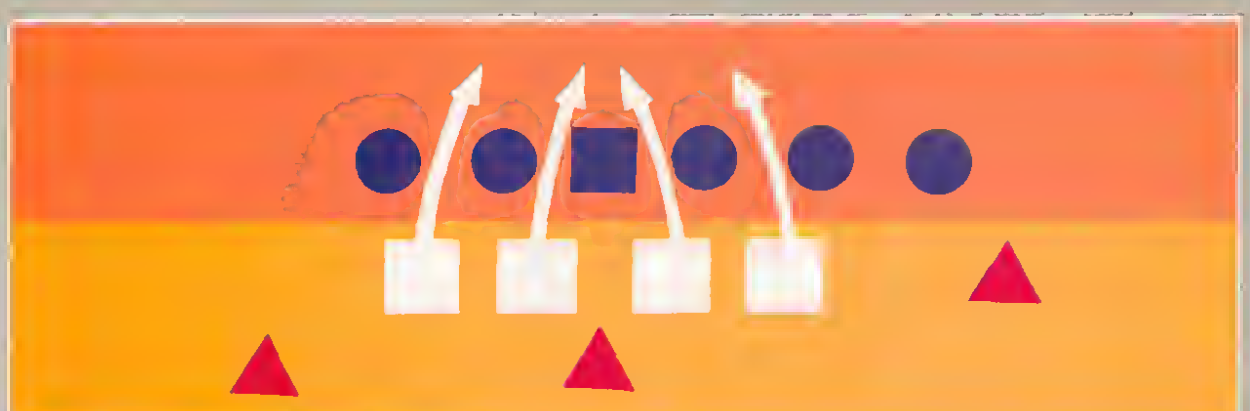
TACKLE GOES THROUGH THE GAP FIRST

They like to run behind the left side of their line which includes such national landmarks as Art Shell and Gene Upshaw.

When the Vikings came up for their fourth try for a Super Bowl victory following the regular 1976 season they found the Raiders' runners using power sweeps and mis-direction plays to the left side. Clarence Davis, no particular fence-buster, raced for big gains behind the blocks of either Shell or Upshaw and picked up a total of 137 yards. (The Super Bowl record is 158 yards by Franco Harris in Pittsburg's victory over Minnesota).

The unbalanced line gave rise to the phrase "run to daylight" which carries overtones of something magical. Nothing magical at all. The top team in this approach is reaching the "bubbles" in the defense, or where the linebackers aren't. Prime requisites here are running backs who can block down on the linebackers and guards who can pull. In this maneuver the initial target for the ball carrier is a point outside his offensive tackle. If that hole closes because the linebackers are geared to chasing the ball or keying on one of the backs, the runner is supposed to have enough balance and agility to change direction and hit at another, perceiving perhaps that a hole is there or is about to be fashioned.

The Cowboys used this same



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#32 WALT GARRISON VI

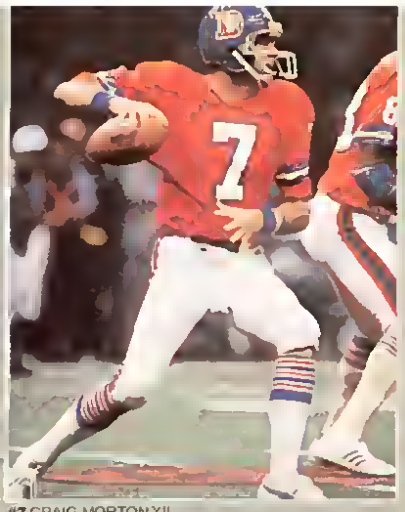
sort of strategy in Super Bowl VI, beating the Dolphins 24-3 when their Duane Thomas and Walt Garrison ran to daylight for totals of 95 and 74 yards behind the blocking of such interior linemen as John Niland, Dave Manders and Blaine Nye. Their target was Miami's hydrant-shaped middle linebacker, Nick Buoniconti, who was as quick as anyone who ever played that position. They turned that very asset against him.

When two would pull out and come down the line as though the play was going to be a sweep and Buoniconti would react, one would come back and block him in the same direction as his momentum. Thomas or Garrison would cut sharply off these blocks and run to daylight.

Do percentages enter into strategic thinking? Definitely. A play series has percentages on each play. The first-and-ten down invariably is figured as a "run" down. QBs love that first

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#7 CRAIG MORTON XII

down because they have that edge in their option to pass and the defense has to honor that option. The second down, particularly if there is some distance to go, six yards or more, is rated a "passing" down. Third-and-one becomes a "run" situation. Straying out of these mathematical confines may work to the QBs advantage because the element of surprise is involved. It could also backfire badly.

The Super Bowl isn't old enough to really test trivia freaks on rival QB match-ups in each game. It's no problem to remember Bart Starr vs. Len Dawson in No. 1, up to Roger Staubach vs. Craig Morton, last year.

If a mind's-eye picture of a typical QB could be distilled from fifty million ocular systems locked onto the Super Bowl telecast it would invariably be that of a passer within the safe confines of a perfectly-maintained pocket as he cooly selects his target for



#16 LEN DAWSON IV




#12 ROGER STAUBACH X

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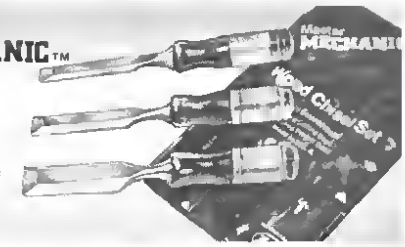
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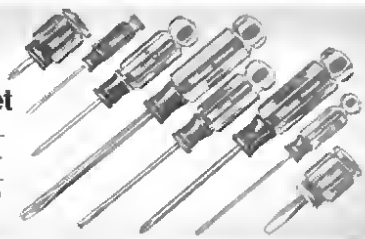
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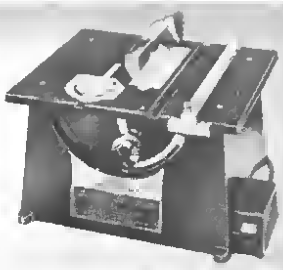
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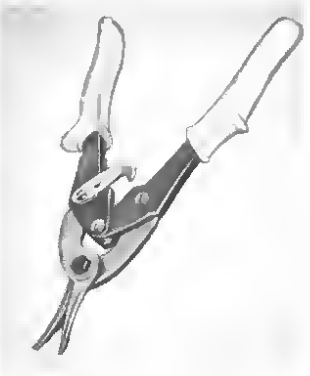
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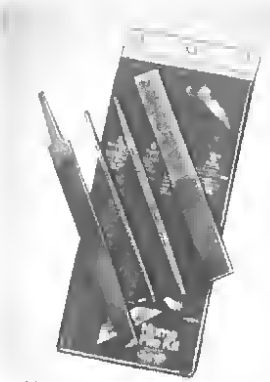
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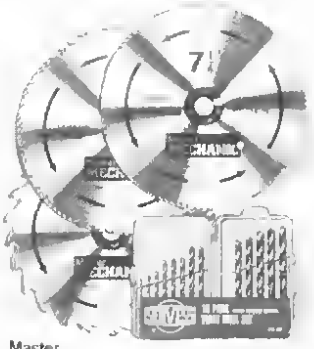
Handy 10-ft rule, ¼" wide, fits into shirt pocket MM10 **2.27**
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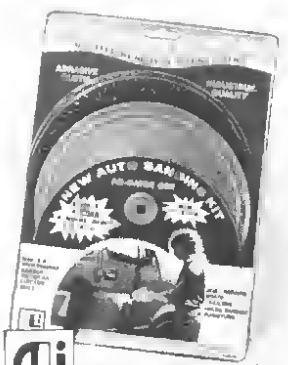
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the touchdown that will bring fame, fortune and a comfortable lead up there on the board.

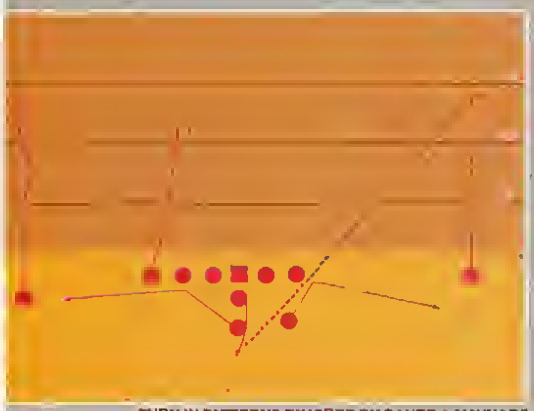
It is a picture which hangs, unfortunately, only in a perfect-world gallery. QBs, as Joe Namath insisted before and after his Super Bowl victory, are made to be hunted; pockets are formed to be collapsed by superior muscle and strength.

The QB has a standard 2½ to 3 seconds from the snap to the pass, which he tries to get off from 8 to 9 yards behind the line of scrimmage. The "pocket" is the area created directly behind the line by the linemen forming a sort of cup. The key to its strength is the middle.

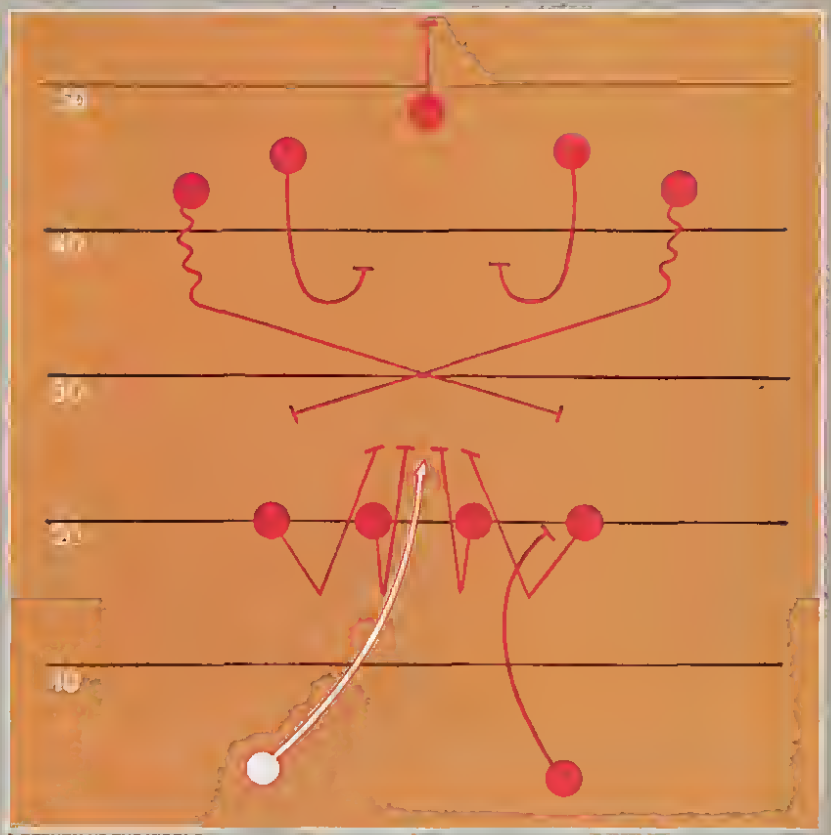
Offensive linemen are taught to defend the pocket to the maximum and beyond. The 1978 rule change permitting them extended arms plus open hands on pass blocking has given them an added tool their predecessors mutter angrily should have been theirs. Frustrated defensive line-



#12 JOE NAMATH III



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#12 BOB GRIESE VII

[illegible] trying to get to the QB, maintain the offense has had it all along, even if it wasn't on the books.

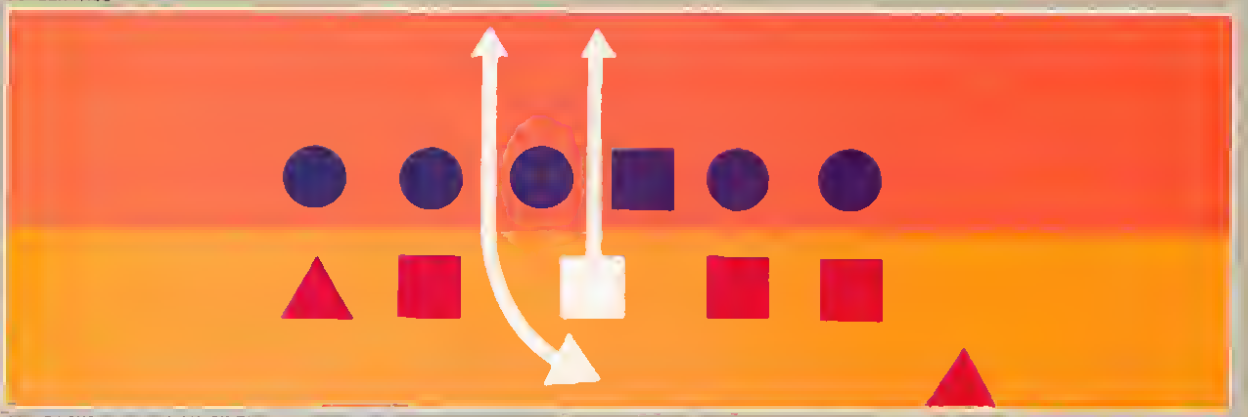
Once a QB is forced from the pocket he becomes as vunerable as a hip-pocket wallet on public transportation. Neither he or the wallet leaves by choice. The QB departs when he senses penetration, such as a tackle about ready to blow by the guard. When he leaves he doesn't have to notify his blockers. They sense it immediately by the sudden shift in direction and pressure exerted by the defense.

Assuming the QB's in the pocket and has a reasonable amount of protection it's up to him to find his receiver. Since defenders are taught to keep their hands high and the QB must throw over them, sometimes he tries to throw through a thicket of upraised arms.

It's also axiomatic the QB must look directly at what he is trying to accomplish. That

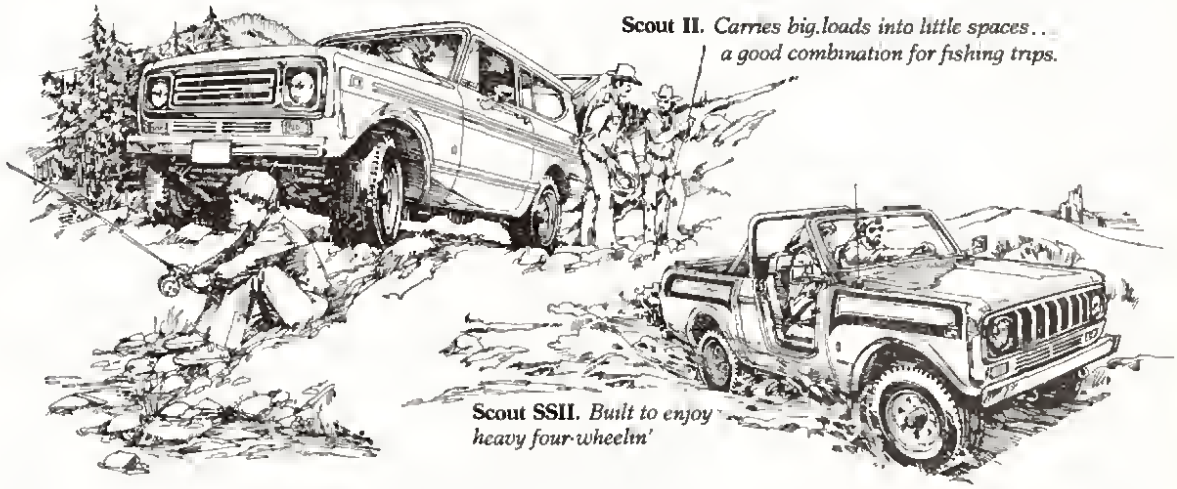



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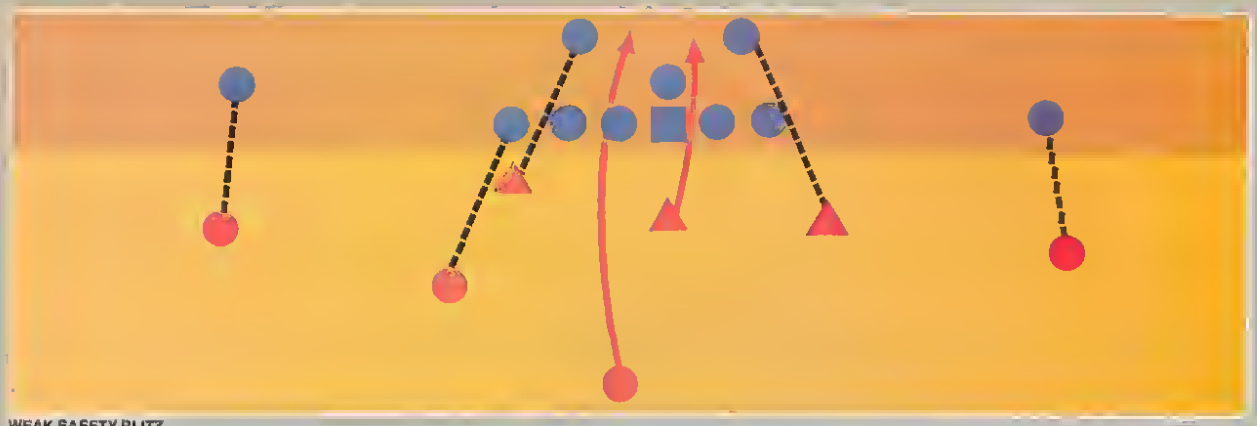


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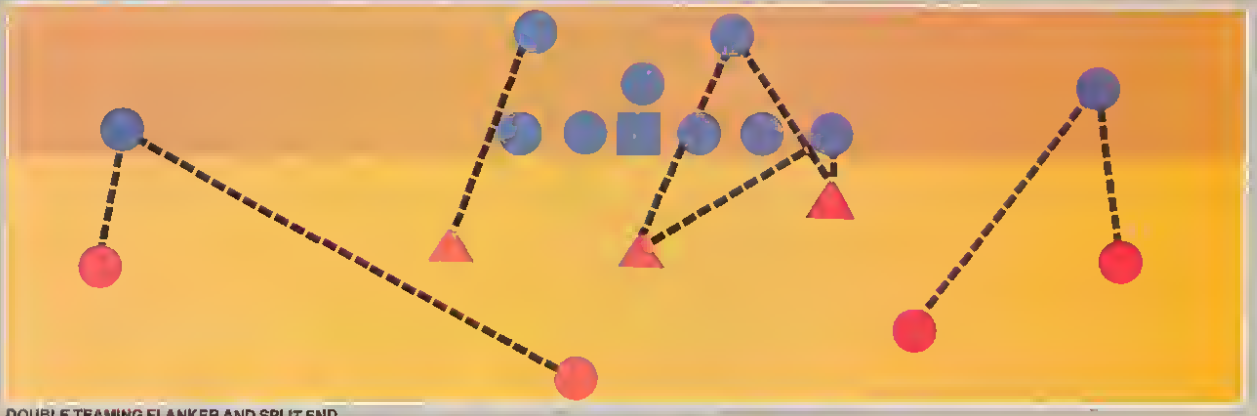
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#15 BART STARR II

highly-touted peripheral vision doesn't count as much as some observers insist. What does count is the QB's ability to "look off" the defense if the defender is "playing his eyes". This makes the defender acutely vulnerable to a sudden shift of the QB's attention to another area.

A QB's ability to drop back quickly is tremendously important to his blockers. In the Jets' memorable upset of the Colts, Namath's ability to drop back quickly made his snaky release that much more effective. The extra yard or two acted as a bumper between him and the Colt ends, Bubba Smith and Ordell Braase. Other pocket passers who were models of efficiency in the Super Bowl were Bart Starr (I&II), Bob Griese, twice a winner (VII&VIII) in Miami's three appearances, and Ken Stabler who beat Minnesota for the Raiders in Super Bowl XI.

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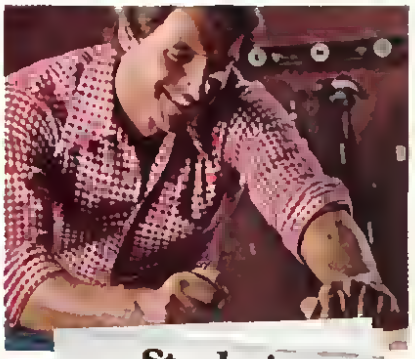
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#39 LARRY CSONKA VIII



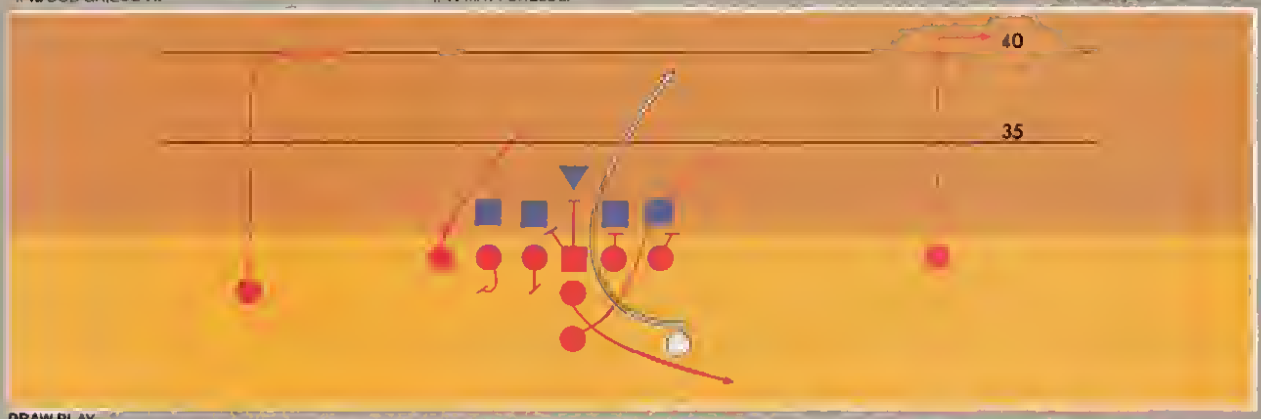
#12 BOB GRIESE VII



#41 MATT SNELL III



#12 TERRY BRADSHAW X




DRAW PLAY

its QB. As he rolls either to the right or left the pocket is supposed to roll with him. Jim Marshall and Carl Eller, Viking ends in Super Bowl IV, could do little against this kind of protection given to the Chiefs' Len Dawson.

Offensive backs play key roles in providing protection against the pass rush. The back who can pick up those four or five yards on a third-down situation is to be cherished; one who can do that and ALSO hold off some crashing end or tackle forty or fifty pounds heavier, is priceless.

In Super Bowl III Matt Snell and Emerson Boozer played such dual roles for Joe Namath against the Colts. Green Bay's Jim Taylor and Elijah Pitts did it for Bart Starr against Kansas City in Super Bowl I. When the Steelers beat both the Vikings and the Cowboys in Super Bowl IX and X, it was Rocky Bleier, the running back, who served with distinction keeping them off Terry Bradshaw. Larry Csonka of the Dolphins performed a similar service for Bob Griese in Super Bowls VII and VIII. In Super Bowl XI it was another big running back, Mark van Eeghen, of the Raiders, who helped keep the Minnesota defenders away from Ken Stabler.

Pass-protection strategy is fairly simple—if it works. In Super Bowl IV, to take away from the pressure expected from Carl

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#16 LEN DAWSON IV #77 JIM TYRER IV

Eller and Jim Marshall, the Chiefs' tackles, Jim Tyrer and Dave Hill, were instructed to hit the Vikings ends low. Hill was especially effective nailing Eller at the knees, erasing from the latter's thinking everything but the fact he had to avoid the block. It lowered Eller's hands and gave Len Dawson an opportunity to throw through the seams of the pass rush. In Super Bowl IX against Pittsburgh no one on the Minnesota offensive

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#42 PAUL WARFIELD VII

line could persuade L.C. Greenwood to bring his hands down and as a result he knocked down a number of FranTarkenton's passes.

Catching a pass is a continuing competition between one player concentrating on reaching and holding the ball and another, concentrating on preventing him from doing it.

Paul Warfield, generally credited with being the outstanding receiver of the past decade, plagued opponents with exceptional deep patterns in Miami's three Super Bowls against Dallas, Washington and Minnesota. The Super Bowl is knee-deep in examples of exceptional deep passing. In Super Bowl X, the Steelers' Terry Bradshaw targeted on Lynn Swann who was absolutely fantastic with leaping and diving receptions. Namath used Don Maynard as a decoy primarily in Super Bowl III and would then throw underneath the coverage of Lenny Lyles to George Sauer Jr. Maynard would go deep and they'd have to honor his effort with double coverage. That placed Lyles in what was essentially a man-to-man situation. After Sauer set him up with several turn-ins and short "out" patterns, Namath capitalized on the situation. He sent Sauer long off a cut inside and hit him behind Lyles for big yardage.

Namath's check-off, or "safety valve," receiver was Matt

#66 L. C. GREENWOOD IX



#43 LENNY LYLES III



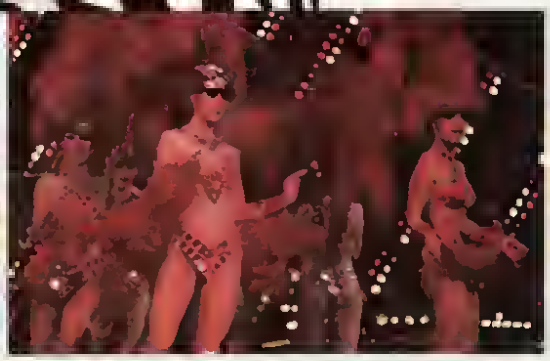
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Snell when Snell wasn't other wise engaged in punching out yardage or providing essential pass blocking. The passer who cares would sooner be caught without his pants than without a safety-valve receiver.

For almost half a century fans have been taught to look for the QB in one particular spot before the action begins, that being in the general area of the center's rear end, hands extended underneath to snatch the ball and begin a quick retreat from the line of scrimmage. Occasionally there'll be a shocker—there's the QB standing eight or nine yards back, waiting for the center to snap the hall to him and hoping the center hasn't forgotten how to flip an upside-down spiral.

This is the "shotgun" formation, the one used usually when a team is hard-pressed by the defense and wants to give its signal caller a little room to breathe. Denver employed it against Dallas when Craig Morton was a tri-

#12 ROGER STAUBACH XII



tle beleaguered. Dallas itself went for it to help Roger Staubach get away from the superb pass rush generated by Pittsburgh's Dwight White and L.C. Greenwood in Super Bowl X. It provides an additional bit of time for the QB to look around, but it takes away the running play unless he decides to run himself. If he does he will have to make almost the equivalent of a first down just to get back to the line of scrimmage.



#78 DWIGHT WHITE X
#12 ROGER STAUBACH X
#68 L. C. GREENWOOD X

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There are two basic defensive alignments up front, the 3-4 and the 4-3. 3-4 means three down linemen, "down" in the sense that they assume the lineman's 3-point stance, and four supporting linebackers. It's an alignment which has failed to achieve a majority in the two Conferences. In the AFC such clubs as Denver, Kansas City, Miami, New England, Oakland and Houston favor it. In the NFC the 3-4 is favored by Tampa Bay, Philadelphia and St. Louis.

The 4-3 is the defense that evolved a couple of decades ago with the two ends, two tackles backed up by the outside linebackers on each side of the middle linebacker.

A few seasons ago Miami introduced the 53 defense, named not after an alignment you could put up on the blackboard but after the jersey number of Bob Matheson, a linebacker, who moved up to the line when it was


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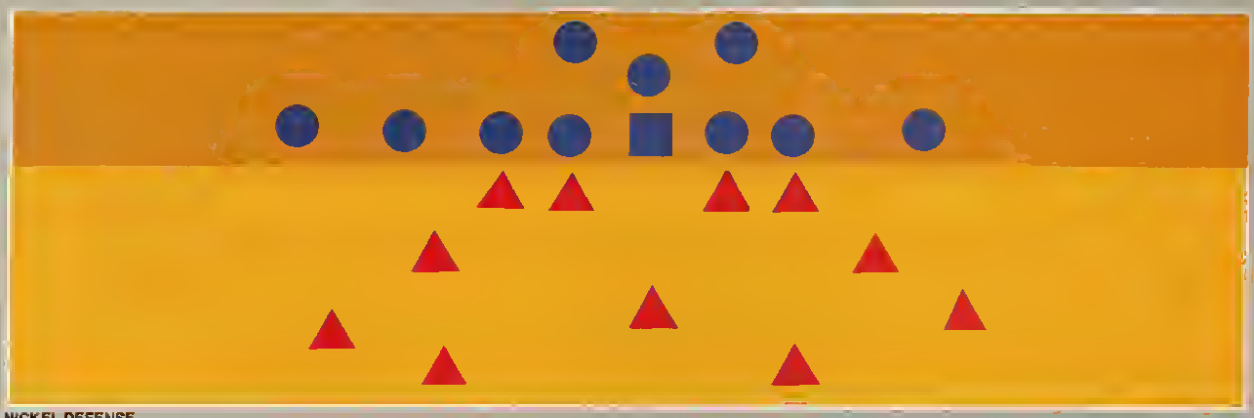


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NICKEL DEFENSE

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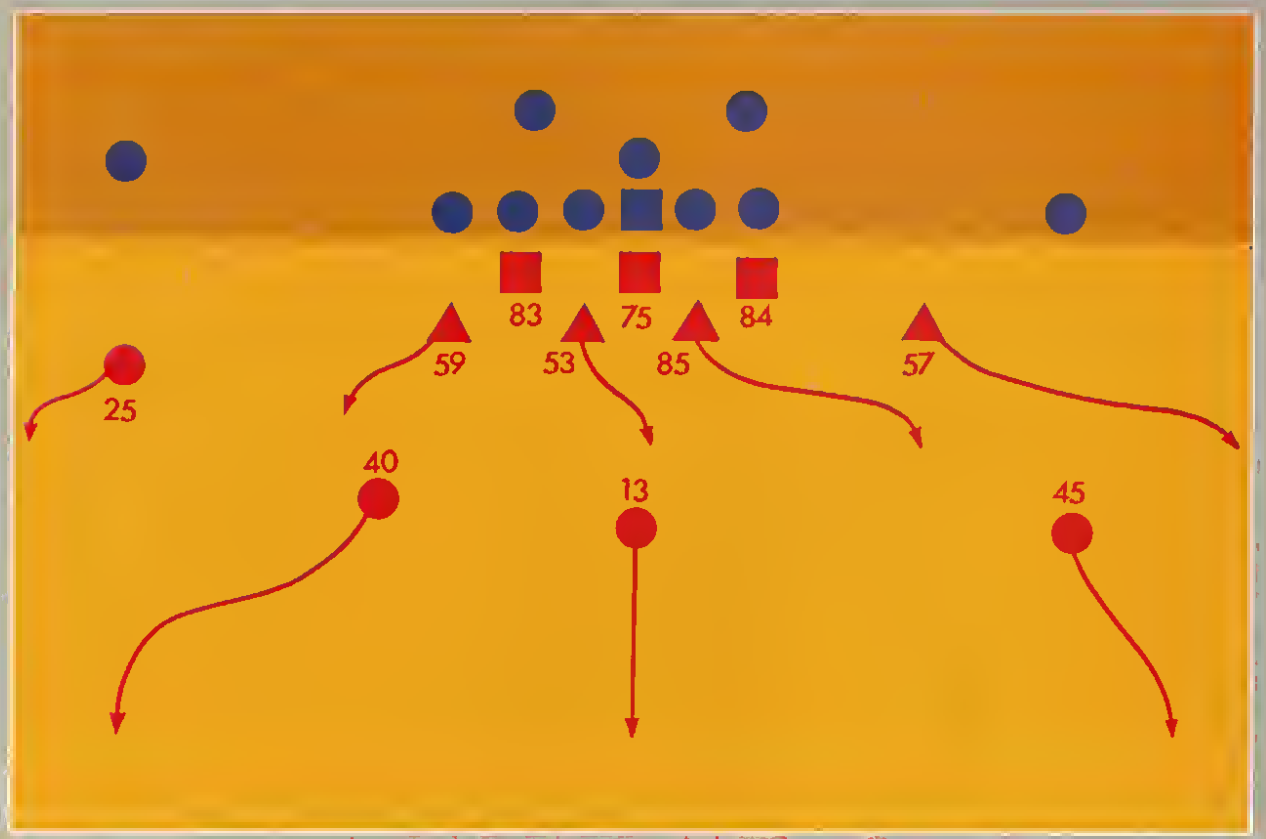
The so-called "nickel" defense also appeared about the same time—five defensive backs as a stopper against a passing attack.

This is employed when it becomes imperative for a team to pass, in situations like three touchdowns behind with five minutes left, or mired in a third-and-25 situation. Miami used the "nickel" defense against Washington (VII) and Minnesota (VIII).

Under their far-ranging innovator Tom Landry, the Cowboys have used the "flex" defense with much success. It practically immobilized Denver in their January 15, 1978 Super Bowl meeting. The formation places the four linemen in staggered positions, two slightly ahead. The "flex" comes from the movement to meet the developing offense.

"Blitz" is a sort of picture word that's been around for a generation. It comes from the German, "blitzkrieg" used to describe the over-running of Poland at the start of World War II.

Linemen don't blitz unless they want a five-yards penalty for being offside. They charge with the snap. Linebackers and defensive backs blitz. When it works, it invariably means the QB will have to be sorted out of a pile-up of bodies a half-dozen yards back from where he started.




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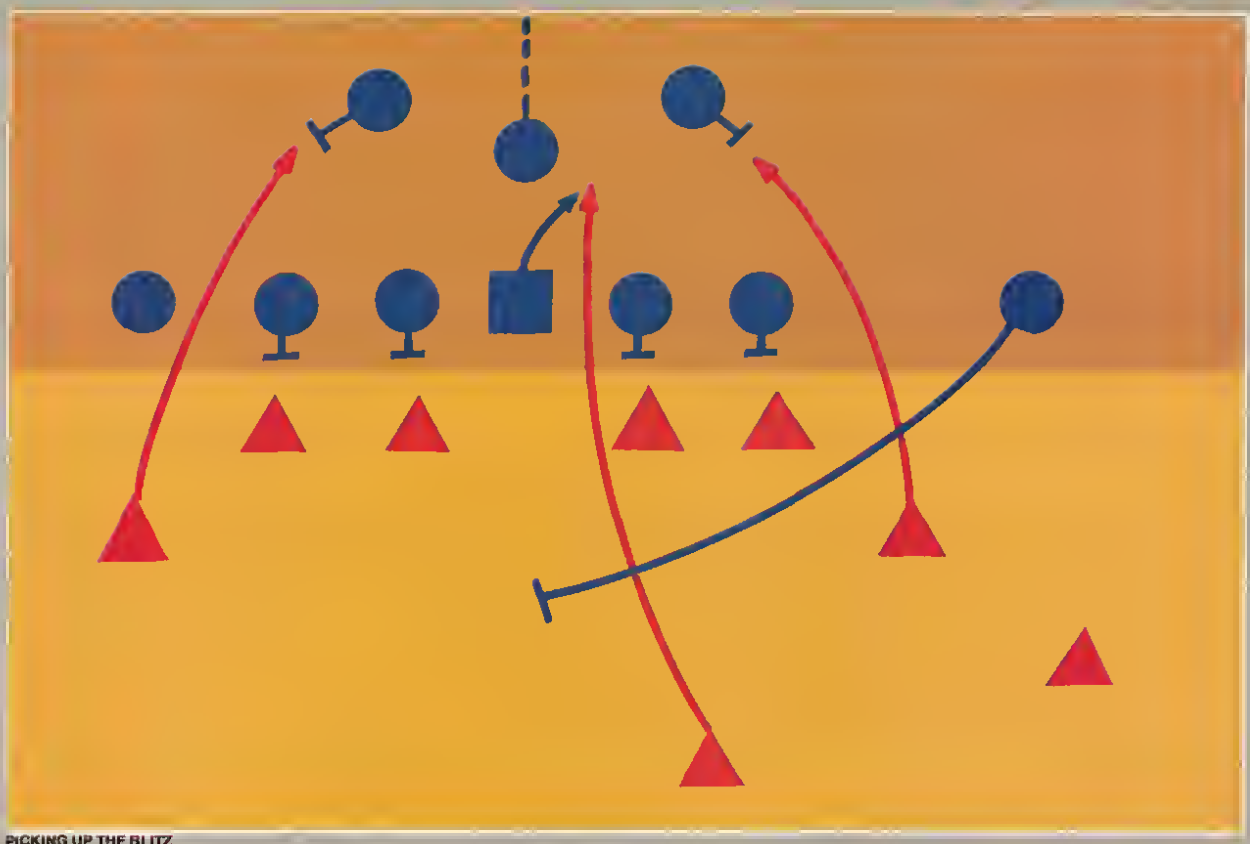
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PICKING UP THE BLITZ

It has been indicated what happens when the blitz works. When the blitz doesn't work, when it's "picked up" it leaves a hole which the alert QB is quick to capitalize upon; particularly if there are a couple of receivers speeding down opposite sides of the field. It is a condition usually reflected without delay on the scoreboard.

Much is made of "half-time" adjustments, but no team made a second-half adjustment in the first dozen Super Bowls that turned things around.

Half time, however, is that segment in which the assistant coaches jump in, call for attention sharply, and try to correct the nuances of individual trapping, cross-blocking, change of direction and individual man-to-man strategy. "You're holding your head too high," "you're dipping your shoulder on the weak side rushing", "bring your arm up on that guard and he'll stop holding", etc.

Remember the story of the Frenchman watching his first American football game, one in which both teams didn't do much more than grind out the yards? This went on for three quarters and his American host turned and said, "How do you like it?"

"Extraordinary," replied the visitor, "but tell me, why do they call it football?"

It used to be that you couldn't win without a kicking game. When coaches wanted to become profound they'd say "offense sells tickets, defense wins games, and kicking wins the championship." The big punter and the accurate place kicker are still necessary but they were a lot more valuable in earlier Super Bowls than in the last few, since the new kicking rules were instituted in 1974.

Now the defensive team is given the ball from the point where the attempt was made, or the 20 yard line, whichever is farther from the goal line, and those fifteen or twenty yards figure heavily in strategy. Also, since 1974 the field-goal kickers have had a longer way to send the ball these past few seasons. The goal posts used to be on the goal line; now they're ten yards back, on the edge of the end zone.

Teams will still offer to send a chauffeured limo for the punter who can send it 60 yards and have it bounce out on the opposition's 4-yard line, but the role of special-team players has been diminished. They're not doing magazine stories or TV documentaries any more on wild men raging down the field to render a ball returner null and void. That's because since 1974, only the end men are permitted to go downfield before the ball is kicked. So while three of the first four Super Bowls were decided on kicking there isn't much chance of this, or future ones, going that route.

In Super Bowl II Don

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Chandler kicked four field goals for Green Bay against the Raiders. The next year Jim Turner was three for three for the Jets against the Colts. In Super Bowl IV Jan Stenerud reduced the field to where the Kansas City coach, Hank Stram, said the Chiefs played the game on a forty-yard field because of the advantage generated by Jan's kicking.

In Super Bowl V Jim O'Brien's kick was the difference for the Colts over the Cowboys. The Colts worked it down to a final five seconds then O'Brien, also a wide receiver, kicked one from the 32.

Probably the most famous kick in the Super Bowl came in VII when Miami beat Washington for the first of its consecutive titles. Miami with a 14-0 lead in the final period, went for the three points that would put it beyond the Redskins' grasp.

It was a 42-yard attempt by Garo Yepremian, the multilingual Cypriot. The snap was low; Earl Morrall, the holder, had to place the ball hastily. Yepremian's kick was low, and blocked.

It came back to little Garo, who picked it up and attempted to pass—for the first, and last, time in his career. The ball slipped from his grasp, got a little altitude, and wound up in the hands of Mike Bass, a defensive back who went 49 yards for a TD

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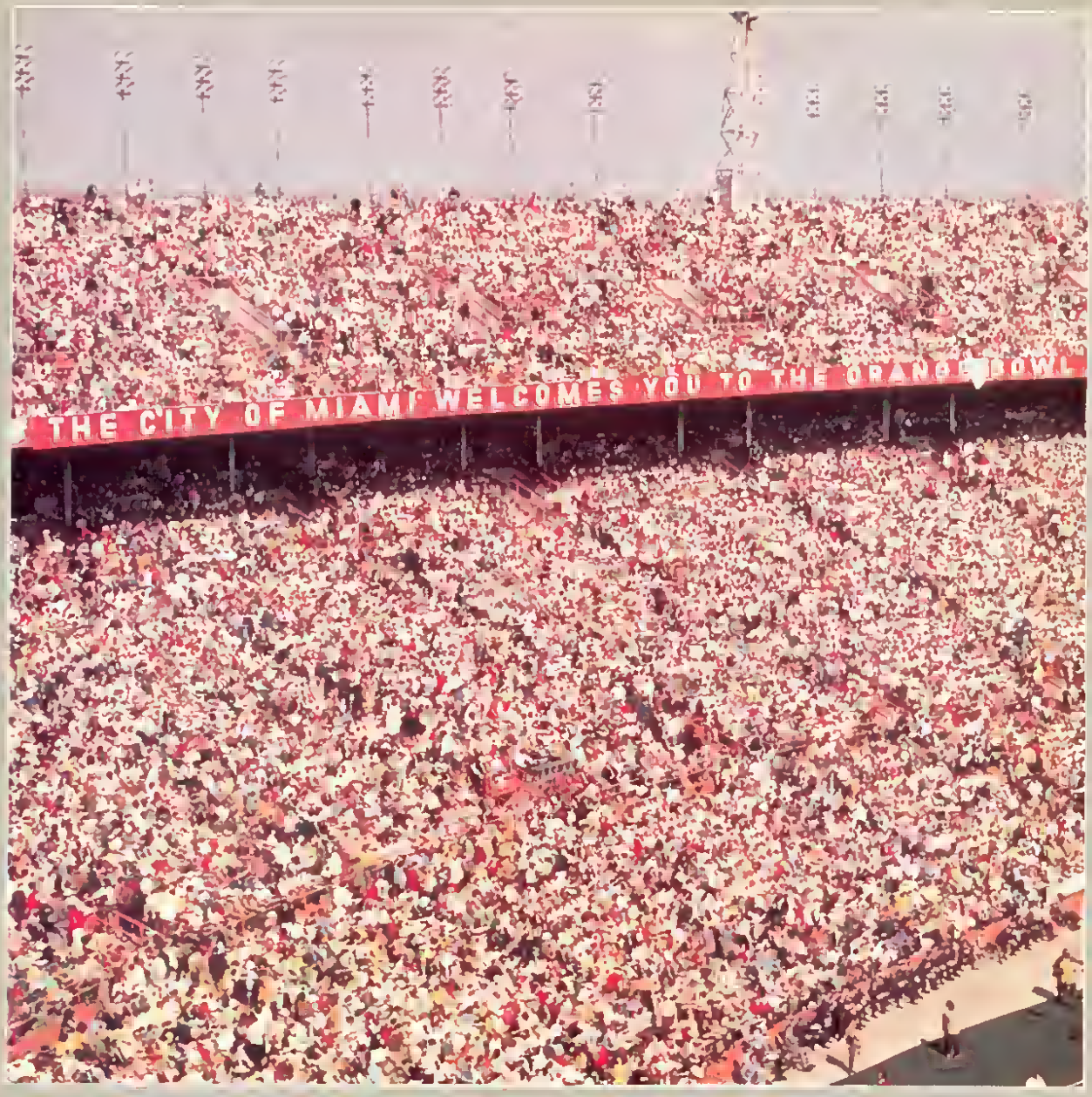
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with little more than two minutes left. It had no effect on the eventual outcome, but it did put a little zip into the contest, welcomed by everyone except Miami.

The Super Bowl has added an extra dimension to telephone etiquette among National Football League clubs. The morning after that memorable mid-January clash the winner's switchboard responds with, "Good morning, World champion Cowboys" (or "Rams", or "Redskins", or "Steelers", or "Broncos", or "Patriots"). And it stays with it for the next twelve months. Clubs on the other end simply try their best to think pleasant thoughts.

The Super Bowl's stature is such now that although there are perhaps a half-dozen clubs in the league so close in ability and execution that they could be covered figuratively by one sideline blanket, winning boosts one far above the rest. Down there in the discard of torn jerseys, old programs, deflated hopes and frayed reputations are not only the twenty-six clubs who didn't make it to the big game, but the Super Bowl loser, as well.

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by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



# IF BOWLS WERE YOUR DISH, MMMM!

If you count the parades—and there is hardly any way to avoid them—there were roughly 14 hours of television devoted to the phenomenon known as the bowl game on New Year's Day 1979. And this particular telethon was only the most visible tip of an iceberg of 15 nationally televised bowls stretching back into December.

The electronic feast had started with a Dec. 2 appetizer consisting of ABC's brave little telecast of the Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl, in which Wittenberg was pitted against Baldwin-Wallace to decide the championship of the NCAA's Division III. (Baldwin-Wallace won 24–10.) The game probably drew about as many viewers as a TV *Sunrise Semester* lecture on molecular physics, but it did offer a chance for small colleges to get some big-time exposure. However, it was the other bowl games and the surrounding hoopla that provided the most interesting side effects.

When Arkansas and UCLA met in the Fiesta Bowl on Dec. 25 in Tempe, Ariz., NBC producer Mike Weisman hung a live microphone on Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz, and for much of the game Holtz called plays and instructed his players with the nation eavesdropping. The miking of Holtz proved to be an entertaining sidelight. NBC had also asked to wire up Terry Donahue, the UCLA coach, but Donahue said no, he was worried about the ripeness of his language during games. Donahue was right to worry. No sooner had an NBC sideline correspondent sidled up to ask a question about strategy (Donahue had agreed to submit to questions during the game), than an official called a penalty against UCLA, and Donahue let fly with an old barnyard epithet. Oddly enough, the NBC switchboard was all but silent, which may be more attributable to Donahue's clean-cut, youthful charm than to any national trend toward tolerance of football coaches' excesses.

Wiring coaches for sound is a) a fascinating added attraction, or b) a bit of a bore, depending upon whether one would rather listen to a coach on the sideline or watch a football game. But unfortunately (or fortunately, depending upon one's point of view), it can only be done during this rather unreal season of the bowl games, the NCAA having outlawed the gimmick during regular-season play.

But all of this, even the wretched explosion of Woody Hayes, was merely preliminary to the inanities of New Year's Day. First came the big parades. The Cotton Bowl parade began in Dallas at the ungodly hour of 9 a.m., and the Rose Bowl parade came 1½ hours later, which was 8.30 a.m. in Pasadena. Watching a bowl-game parade is a little bit like watching a blend of the Miss Teenage America Pageant and *The Gong Show*. There is a point where tastelessness becomes so overwhelming that, instead of being offensive, it becomes hilarious. How else could one react when Dallas commentator Larry (*Dallas*) Hagman declared boldly, "They're marching right *together* there," and Judy (*The Waltons*) Norton-Taylor gushed, "I *love* the way they do that—left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot."



THE INTEREST WASN'T BUOYED BY AN OVERFLOW OF FLOATS

In Pasadena, NBC commentator Bryant Gumbel showed the usual penetrating insight when he said to Bruce Jenner, "Bruce, lots of nice things have happened to you because of sports." Jenner, who will do almost anything on TV and is the hands-down winner of the Hard Core Olympic Opportunist of the Decade award, grinned and said, "Sports is a good, clean way for a young person to get out there in life." Other points of interest during the parades included a 30-foot bicycle pedaled by a dozen fez-wearing Shriners, who must have been sober, a huge float made of roses formed to depict a pack of 25-foot dogs dashing toward a 40-foot fire hydrant, and a float full of college homecoming princesses that prompted another commentator to say idly, "I wonder if they pick them with peas and mattresses."

The New Year's bowl games themselves—one after another on top of another—consumed about 10 hours. For those who tried to take it all in, it ultimately became a blurred channel-switching kaleidoscope of teams, names, numbers and far too much nattering by announcers. Although ABC missed the Sugar Bowl kickoff because of a commercial, its coverage was first-class, nicely punctuated with sideline closeups of Alabama's monumental old Bear Bryant looking like a refugee from Mount Rushmore, and Penn State's Joe Paterno, ever grimmer as the game went on. Keith Jackson and Frank Broyles offered sensible, low-key and articulate commentary. On NBC, on the other hand, O. J. Simpson, usually a paragon of charm and good sense, was too effervescent in his loyalty to USC, his old school. He finally became so bubbly that he was virtually incomprehensible.

As usual, the Orange Bowl ceremonies offered a mind-numbing satire of all the excesses ever committed in the name of patriotism, school spirit, sportsmanship, clean living, prayer, motherhood and fatherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood and the priesthood, all of which insist that each and every football game ever played is probably a deep and significant religious experience for everyone involved. In a day generally lacking in humor, the Orange Bowl foofaraw offered a laugh or two.

A noteworthy addition to television coverage was offered by ABC after the Sugar Bowl. The network ran two minutes of videotape portraits of every person involved in the telecast, from the producer on down, including that most consistent, most essential and invisible group in all of TV sports: the cameramen. While only their mothers may have applauded, it was still a nice touch. ENO



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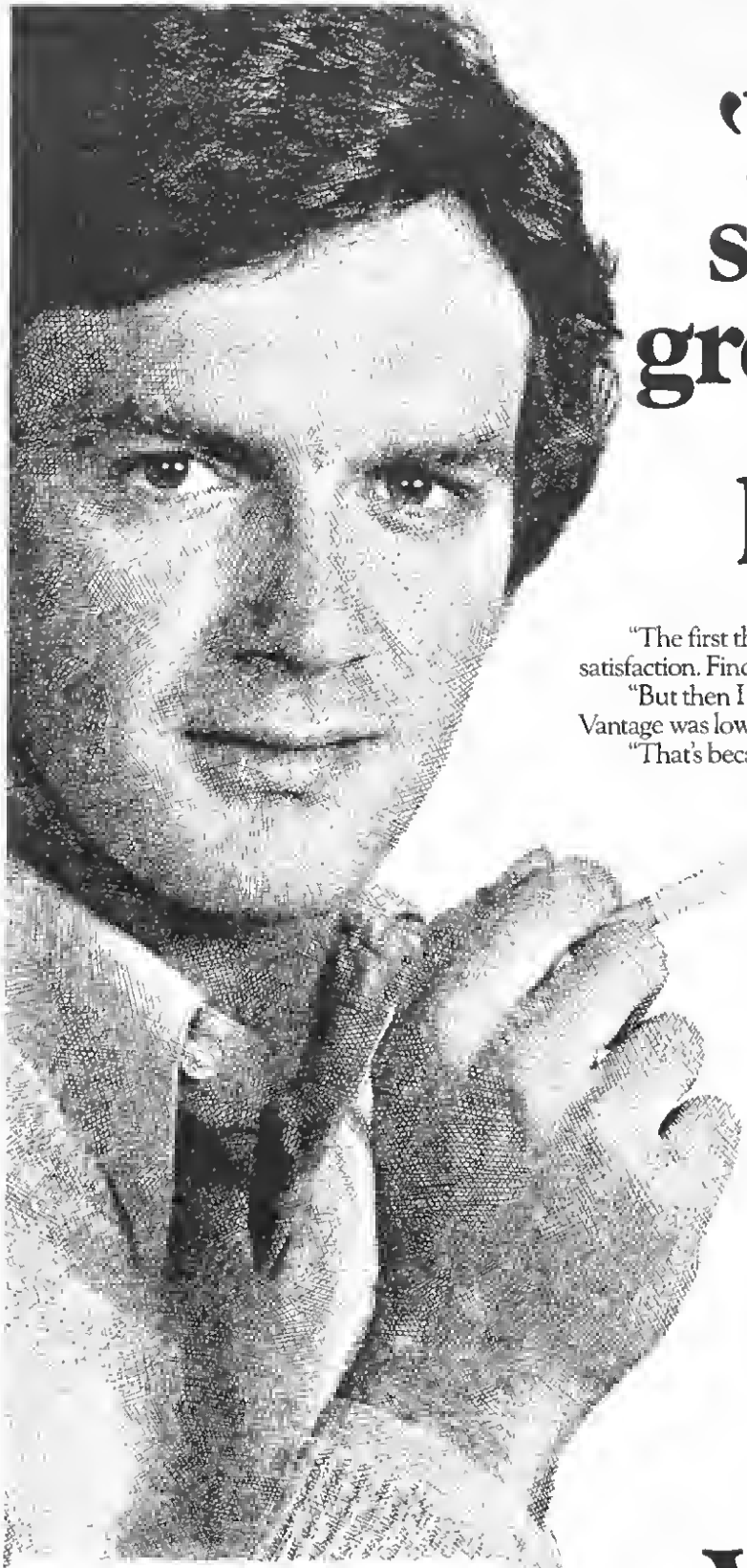
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4 The federal Privacy Act of 1974 which established controls over the federal government's use of personal information, also created the Commission to explore the need for similar restraints on local governments and businesses. Ætna's President, William O. Bailey, served on this commission and the conclusions it arrived at are the basis for Ætna's privacy policy.

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by Bruce Newman

# He's an all-round player

*Roly-poly freshman Mark Aguirre is a weighty problem for DePaul opponents*

The fat man was going for broke this time as he raced around the perimeter of the court, slapping palms and windmilling his arms menacingly as thousands of fans cheered him wildly. The Chicago Bulls were about to pull one out late in the fourth quarter, and Super Fan—the Bulls' alarmingly overweight cheerleader—was about ready for a coronary after taking three hard laps around the court. Mark Aguirre, DePaul's remarkable 6′ 7″ freshman forward who has a weight problem of his own, said from his seat in Chicago Stadium, "He looks like he's going to die."

Until recently, many college basketball people thought the same of Aguirre. He reported for DePaul's first practice this fall at 253 pounds, and half a dozen Chicago Aldermen immediately petitioned to have Aguirre subdivided so he could vote twice in their district. In fact, before DePaul's opener with UCLA in November, Aguirre was still such a butterball that Bruin Assistant Coach Jim Harrick felt sorry for him. "Well, he *is* kind of chunky," Harrick said. "Before the game I thought he looked like he'd be better off if he stayed on the sidelines."

It didn't take long for UCLA to find out that *it* would have been better off had Aguirre remained on the bench. Early in the game the Bruins applied a full-court press against the Blue Demons, who broke it by firing the ball the length of the court to Aguirre, who was alone in a corner with only UCLA's David Greenwood between him and the basket. Roly-poly Aguirre began to dribble in his roly-poly way toward Greenwood, and when he got close to the 6′ 9½″ UCLA All-America, he rose majestically and dunked the ball in Greenwood's face.

"That told me something about Mark right away," says DePaul Coach Ray Meyer. "In the first minute of his college career he challenged probably the No. 1 forward in the country." Aguirre finished the game with 29 points.

As the season wore on the pounds wore off, and last week Aguirre was down to a semisvelte 234. Better, his scoring average has remained well up in the 20s; in the latest NCAA statistics, his 25.7 points a game were good enough for 12th best in the country. No other freshman is in the top 50, and Aguirre's scoring feats are made even more impressive by the fact that he is no gunner, but has accumulated his points by shooting 58% from the field. Though the Blue Demons are unranked so far—they finished an inconspicuous third in the nation in the UPI poll last season—they were 10–2 after victories over Georgia Tech (77–71) and Air Force (86–66) last week. If Aguirre continues to improve at his present rate, DePaul could find itself in Fat City by the time the NCAA tournament rolls around.

Aguirre, who is of one-quarter Mexican descent, pronounces his name to rhyme with McGuire. Although he is a product of the playgrounds of Chicago's West Side, Aguirre is capable of doing more than going for a bundle of points. "He can score 30 anytime he wants to," says Meyer. "I told him after our first couple of games that he wasn't rebounding enough or playing good enough defense, and he's worked so hard to prove to me he can do those things well that sometimes he's forgotten to shoot." As a result, in DePaul's seven most recent games, Aguirre's rebounding has gone up from 6.4 to 7.4 a game while his scoring average has slipped a few points.

Meyer calls Aguirre an "O-ffensive machine" and says that for the first time in his 37 seasons at DePaul he has installed an out-of-bounds play that is intended to set up a 20-foot jump shot; Aguirre's 20-footers from the corner are almost automatic. "That kid is one of the great players in the country today," says Ray Scott, the coach at Eastern Michigan, which DePaul beat 96–68 as Aguirre scored 28 points. "He reminds me a lot of Elgin Baylor—he has a jumper just like Elgin's."

Aguirre's style is more often compared with Adrian Dantley's, but though there are some similarities—mostly physical ones, since Dantley, on occasion, has been pudgy, too—Aguirre's game is largely his own invention. With his friend Skip Dillard, who is now playing at Casper (Wyo.) Junior College, Aguirre used to show up at the playgrounds at two in the afternoon and not quit until three in

*continued*



*The semisvelte Aguirre is averaging 25.7 points*

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the morning. "When it was bitter cold and the snow was falling," Aguirre says, "we'd shovel the court clean and then shoot some more. We were desperate to play." At Austin High School, Aguirre was what could generously be described as an indifferent student. Mostly he didn't go to class. "I just slept all day and showed up at 3:15 for practice," he says. "I was going about everything the wrong way, letting myself be influenced by the wrong people. If I had stayed at Austin, I probably wouldn't even have finished high school."

When his coach at Austin was fired, Aguirre transferred to Westinghouse High, whose team he led to the Chicago Public League championship his senior year. And it was there that he began hitting the books and getting a B average. It was also there that he began to put on weight. "I think my worst problem was that the Westinghouse coach was Italian," Aguirre says, "and I like Italian food. His wife would cook enough stuff to feed a battalion. When you were finished, you could practically roll away from the table."

Aguirre's mother Mary is no slouch in the kitchen, either. In October, when Meyer was still trying to burn the baby fat off his star pupil, he was flabbergasted one day to see Mary show up at practice carrying two bags loaded with things like fried chicken, chocolate cake, ice cream and potato chips. "If you'll just give me the key to Mark's room," she said, "I'll drop off these goodies for him." Meyer forthwith made sure that word got back to Aguirre's mother that there was to be an embargo on the flow of goodies. Even that edict, however, was not the solution Meyer hoped it would be. "We'd take seven pounds off Mark during the week," Meyer says, "then he'd go home for a weekend and his mother would put it all back on him."

As things have worked out, Aguirre has needed most of his bulk to survive the knocks; almost all of DePaul's opponents have bullied him physically in an effort to neutralize his effectiveness under the basket. Aguirre came out of the 84–78 victory over Wisconsin with a black eye, a bloody nose and a split lip. "First we'll teach him how to take the punishment," says Meyer, who once taught young George Mikan the same lessons, "then we'll teach him how to give it back."

Aguirre is not all flab. He is so strong that he can soar to the basket and score with a defender hanging on his arm. Against Air Force, Aguirre gathered in a pass at the end of a fast break, held the ball outstretched in his right hand as he became airborne and hammered a windmill dunk on the head of some poor cadet who attempted to interfere with the proceedings. It was just one of four three-point-play opportunities he got against the Falcons.

That play also confirmed Meyer's description of Aguirre's hands as being "the size of toilet seats." He can control the ball completely with either one, which frees him to pull off all manner of twisting one-handed finger rolls and emphatic dunks. With DePaul leading Air Force 36–19, Aguirre took the ball on the dead run at the foul line and raced down the sideline. Then—whoosh!—he was aloft like a Boeing 747, his wings outstretched as he sliced between two defenders. Aguirre dipped his head slightly as he turned his palm and the ball upward and rolled the ball gently into the basket.

"Aguirre is one of the top prospects in the country," Air Force Coach Hank Egan said after Aguirre had hit on 10 of 17 shots while scoring a routine 22 points. "His control of the ball is incredible, and his court sense is excellent for someone his age. Just think how good he could be if he lost a few pounds."

## THE WEEK

*(Jan 1-7)*

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**MIDEAST** Before facing Georgia at home in an SEC game, Louisiana State Coach Dale Brown said to his daughter Robin, "Can you believe the sixth-ranked team in America is playing here, and it's not our opponent?" With Al Green scoring 24 points and DeWayne Scales 23, the Tigers indeed looked worthy of their No. 6 rating as they zipped to a 97–75 victory. Scales, a 6′9″ forward whose pet shot is a long-distance turn-around jumper, hit on 10 of 14 field-goal tries.

Brown's "freak defense" and his "reinforcements" enabled LSU to end a string of 20 losses at Kentucky. Trailing 60–52, the Tigers outscored the Wildcats 12–0 to go in front, and later Scales came through with a crucial three-point play that put LSU up 91–87. The Tigers won 93–89 as Scales sank 11 of 14 shots, scored 25 points and grabbed 11 rebounds. With his team in deep foul trouble, Brown used his freak defense, a triangle-and-two in which the guards play man-to-man and the rest of the team a zone. That freaked out the Wildcats. So did the Tigers' 62% shooting and the fine play of the reinforcements, a term used by Brown, who doesn't like the word "substitutes." The reserves scored 24 of LSU's points.

The loss to the Tigers made Kentucky 0–2 in the SEC, the Wildcats having been jarred 76–65 at Florida as Reggie Hannah and Ric Clarson of the Gators combined for 41 points. Mississippi State was also jolted twice, 87–65 at Alabama and 69–67 at Georgia, where Mark Slonaker tipped in a shot at the buzzer. Tied with LSU for the conference lead were Tennessee, which beat Mississippi 72–67 and Alabama 85–77, and Vanderbilt, which knocked off Auburn 57–55 and Mississippi 94–70.

The Big Ten's first week of action was also hectic. Michigan State, which took over the No. 1 spot in the wire-service polls, started off by beating Wisconsin 84–55. With Spartan Greg Kelser, who averages 17.1 points, in foul trouble and scoring just two points, Earvin Johnson went to the basket more than usual, adding 21 points to his 14 assists and 13 rebounds. Minnesota then gave State fits as freshman Leo Rautins sank seven of his first eight shots and Kevin McHale five of his first six. The Gophers, who started four freshmen, led 42–29 with 17 minutes left. Using a pressure man-to-man defense, the Spartans outscored Minnesota 27–8 in the next 10 minutes to pull out a 69–62 triumph.

Michigan toppled Minnesota 88–75, with Mike McGee scoring 33 points. But then the Wolverines were upset 85–79 by visiting Iowa as Ronnie Lester scored 17 of his 29 points in the last 11 minutes to wipe out a 62–56 deficit. Iowa also defeated Northwestern 65–57.

Sharing the Big Ten lead with Michigan State and Iowa were Ohio State and Illinois. Guard Kelvin Ransey of the Buckeyes sank 26 of 36 field-goal tries and scored 57 points as the Buckeyes held off Purdue 75–71 and Wisconsin 82–71. Illinois ran its record to 14–0 with a 65–61 win at Indiana and a 74–56 verdict at Northwestern. Indiana led 31–23, but Illinois shook up the Hoosiers when they achieved a 33–33 halftime deadlock by converting four late Indiana turnovers into baskets.

Dayton (10–2) whipped Butler 73–61 and Duquesne 82–62.

**1.LOUISIANA STATE (10–0)**
**2.MICH. ST. (9–1) 3.NOTRE DAME (6–1)**

**WEST** Any team that plays Nevada-Las Vegas gets some idea of how Custer must have felt, because the Rebels shoot relentlessly. At Utah the Rebels tried a whopping 84 field goals and made 38 of them (45.2%). The Utes, too, fired away—their 65 shots being five above their average—and they connected on 41 of them (63.1%) as they beat the Rebels 103–97. Keeping Utah going

were Tom Chambers, who had 27 points and 11 rebounds, and Danny Vranes, who had 21 and 15. Earlier, both teams played road games, Vegas beating San Diego State 85–80 and Utah losing to Utah State 80–72.

Nevada-Reno also lost on the road, getting dumped 90–76 by undefeated Portland in a WCAC game. Both teams got plenty of points from their guards, Mike Gray and Johnny High combining for 51 for the Wolf Pack and Darwin Cook and Jose Slaughter scoring 45 for the Pilots. But Portland prevailed as Forward Rick Raivio put in 20 of his 24 points in the second half. Two days later both teams won, Portland decking St. Mary's 101–84 and Reno trimming Seattle 79–70. San Francisco matched Portland's two conference victories by beating Loyola Marymount 95–66 and Pepperdine 91–74.

An NBA scout who expected to be dazzled by UCLA's David Greenwood was puzzled by the All-America forward's failure to take a shot during the first half against Rutgers. "He looks like he's in a daze," the scout said. "He's got to take command. He's got to be Mr. Authority." Greenwood was more authoritative in the second half, pumping in 15 points as the Bruins made an effort to feed him the ball during their 78–57 romp. UCLA's Brad Holland no doubt impressed the scout with his long-range marksmanship—he made eight of 11 shots—and 17 points. Holland, who rarely shoots from closer than 15 feet, has made 89 of 133 field-goal attempts this season for a sizzling .669 shooting percentage. It was Holland who scored the final basket of the game as UCLA edged Oregon State 65–63 in a Pac 10 matchup. There was 3:19 left to play when Holland sank his shot, and from there on the struggling Bruins went into a stall, using up most of the remaining time.

**1.LONG BEACH STATE (8–2)**
**2.UCLA (9–2) 3.PORTLAND (13–0)**

**MIDWEST** The Big Eight season began with Nebraska playing at Iowa State in a game filled with 42 turnovers and climaxed by a shot that literally topped everything. A 1–3–1 trap zone helped the Cyclones whittle a 13-point Husker lead to 70–67. With 32 seconds to go, Iowa State freshman Robert Estes went to the foul line for two shots. After he hit his first try, the Cyclones called time, and Coach Lynn Nance, ordering up a play he had used successfully in high school, told Estes to bounce his second shot off the front of the rim in the hope that a State player could get the rebound and, possibly, the tying basket. Estes' shot didn't hit the rim—or even the backboard—but sailed high above both. When Estes returned to the bench, he said, "Coach, I threw it a bit too high." Replied Nance, whose Cyclones lost 72–68, "I noticed."

Another bizarre ending occurred in a Southwest Conference encounter during which visiting Arkansas trailed Houston 51–28 early in the second half. Thereafter the Cougars collapsed, much as their football team had done five days earlier when Notre Dame scored 23 points in the final quarter of the Cotton Bowl. Arkansas got 19 straight points, went in front 60–59 on a three-point play by Sidney Moncrief and won 62–61. Houston's turnabout was complete: 49 points and six turnovers in the first half, 12 points and 15 miscues in the second. Moncrief finished with 25 points, and Steve Schall of the Razorbacks got 14 of his 16 points after the intermission. Schall earlier had 30 points as Arkansas drubbed North Texas State 96–71.

Indiana State powered its way to a pair of Missouri Valley Conference triumphs, beating Tulsa 101–89 and West Texas State 98–77. In the first of those games the Sycamores got 26 points from Carl Nicks and 27 points, 19 rebounds and six assists from Larry Bird. Creighton was upset 94–88 in overtime at home by Wichita State as Cheese Johnson had 26 points and 14 rebounds. Creighton then beat Tulsa 75–71.

It has been a tumultuous season for Ed Badger, Cincinnati's new coach. Two weeks ago his Bearcats were placed on a two-year probation for violating NCAA rules. Last week Badger dismissed two players because of a shoplifting incident. Then he got a much-needed lift when, in a Metro 7 game, the Bearcats ended Virginia Tech's nine-game winning streak 72–68 at Blacksburg.

**1.TEXAS A&M (11–2)**
**2.INDIANA STATE (11–0) 3.ARKANSAS (9–0)**

**EAST** Coach Don Casey of Temple was the only Owl to suffer a loss. With a little more than four minutes to go against Pittsburgh, Casey's assistants wanted to switch from a zone defense to man-to-man. "I wanted to wait," Casey said. "We voted and I lost 3–1." The change enabled Bruce Harrold to make some big plays during the final 90 seconds: a blocked shot that he turned into a pass to Keith Parham, who tied the score at 55–55, and a steal that he himself turned into a basket. Harrold also sank two free throws during that span as the Owls won 62–57. When unbeaten Temple played at St. John's, Casey frantically, but vainly, tried to call for a timeout with 10 seconds left so he could set up a play to overcome a 73–72 deficit. But the Owl players ran their own impromptu play, Parham canning a jumper with six seconds left, and Temple won 74–73.

"N.C. State is the best team we've played," said Long Beach Coach Tex Winter after a 100–73 loss to the Wolfpack. "They're quicker, but maybe not as physical as Duke." The day before, Winter's previously unbeaten Forty-Niners had lost 79–78 to Duke, which mounted a superb comeback after trailing 62–48 with 12:08 to go. Kenny Dennard, who had been averaging only four points a game, scored 28 for the Blue Devils. Duke had two other victories, 77–59 over Davidson, despite John Gerdy's 28 points, and 74–64 over Tulane as the Blue Devils' Gene Banks had 22 points and 11 rebounds.

North Carolina State overwhelmed Tulane 104–58, with Hawkeye Whitney scoring 26 points, and then shot 61.2% while defeating Long Beach State. The Wolfpack shooting sprees came after they had squeaked past Appalachian State 58–50 by sinking nine of 10 foul shots in the closing 82 seconds.

North Carolina won two Atlantic Coast Conference games, wiping out Clemson 92–68 and scraping past Virginia 86–74 in

**PLAYER OF THE WEEK**

**SLY WILLIAMS:** Rhode Island's 6′ 7″ forward scored 26 points as the Rams triumphed over La Salle 83–80 and had 44 in a 77–76 loss to Detroit. In those games Williams also had 24 rebounds, 13 assists and seven steals.

double overtime. Clemson, 9–0 when it came to Chapel Hill, was done in by Mike O'Koren's 22 points. Virginia fought back from 13 points down with 13 minutes left in regulation time, Jeff Lamp tying the score at 62–62 to send the game into overtime. Then Lamp forced a second extra period by knotting the score at 69–69. When Lamp, who had 25 points, fouled out in the second overtime, the Tar Heels scored 12 points in a row, six on free throws by O'Koren, to sew up matters. In another ACC game, Wake Forest won 66–60 at Maryland.

Four traveling independents came up winners. East Carolina pulled out a 76–75 shocker at Iona by coming from eight points back in the final 2:45. The Pirates won when George Maynor scored the last of his 22 points on a 25-foot jumper with two seconds remaining. Detroit upset Rhode Island 77–76 when Keith Jackson put in a layup with one second left in overtime. Notre Dame's Kelly Tripucka flipped in 26 points as the Irish beat Villanova 75–64. And Marquette won twice, 57–49 at Brown and 55–46 at Maine. The Bruins came back to knock off Providence 69–60, a prized victory for their new coach, Joe Mullaney. It was Brown's first triumph over the Friars in 38 games since 1959, when Mullaney was coaching at Providence.

After St. Joseph's had shocked Georgetown 37–36 by using slowdown tactics, Samford tried a similar strategy against the Hoyas. This time, though, Georgetown came out on top, 73–50.

Ron Peaks sank 26 of 45 field-goal tries, scored 53 points and grabbed 23 rebounds as Canisius beat St. Peter's 69–68 and lost to Seton Hall 92–87.

**1.NORTH CAROLINA (10–1)**
**2.TEMPLE (11–0) 3.N. CAROLINA ST. (11–2)**

by Clive Gammon

# Her finals come first



*Austin had many happy returns in Washington*

*After trouncing Martina Navratilova on Sunday, it was back to high school on Monday for 16-year-old Tracy Austin*

Martina Navratilova, who is noted for her habit of talking severely to herself on court, delivered an impassioned complaint late in the first set of her final match against Tracy Austin in the women's pro tennis tournament in Washington, D.C. last Sunday. "It's so boring I can't *stand* it," she yelled.

From which it might be inferred that she was several miles in front of young Austin, 16 years old and a professional since way back last October. That wasn't the case. In fact, she was down 5–2 and headed for a straight-set loss, 6–3, 6–2. And if she really was bored, she was the only one among the 5,000 fans who had crammed themselves into the little Smith Center arena at George Washington University.

But last Friday, minutes before Austin was to meet Pam Shriver in their quarterfinal, La Navratilova was in an imperial mood. "I don't care which of these kids wins," she announced dismissively. A moment later, though, she was wryly noting that even if she had won this particular tournament—now renamed the Avon Championship—three of the last four times, everybody's attention this year was on those same kids. She turned to Ann Kiyomura, whom she had just beaten in her own quarterfinal, and said haughtily, "Nobody is interested in us flyweights. All they want to do is watch the heavyweights."

Although Navratilova had just won 6–3, 6–1, she had looked no sharper than she had in the early rounds. Certainly she had produced majestic cross-court shots and occasional majestic aces, but she had also committed a lot of unforced, unmajestic errors, throwing away points like an Arab prince ridding himself of riyals at a casino. She had coughed a lot (a cold had plagued her all week), had cursed a lot in Tex-Slovakian and had given the umpire a rude gesture before she came through.

All of which seemed to indicate that either Shriver or Austin, if one of them reached the final, might have a prime opportunity to terminate Navratilova's recent Washington near-monopoly.

This was not the only reason, though, for the special excitement in the air at Smith Center on Friday night. The indoor arena is only about 50 miles from Lutherville, Md., which is Shriver's home. And, as she was to say later, quite unselfconsciously, "I guess I'm the darling of the area. They think I'm kind of cute." Gauged by the number of buses with Maryland license plates parked outside, she was almost certainly right. A lot of the fans who filled the arena had come to see Pam. In particular, to see Pam beat Tracy.

The match involved a minor piece of tennis history, also. In junior events all over the country, Tracy had a 9–0 record against Pam. Now, though, they were meeting for the first time as official adults. Whatever had happened in the past didn't count. As far as the computer that ranks tennis players was concerned this was a fresh start. They were both 16, and although Pam is still an amateur, from now on it's serious.

As far as the crowd was concerned and the pundits also, the battle lines were clearly drawn. It would be a contest between Austin's skill in all aspects of the game, her coolness and her comparatively greater experience vs. Shriver's aggression and powerful serve. But the serve didn't appear to impress Austin a great deal. Wearing her look of perpetual worry, as if she knew she shouldn't be out this late, Tracy banged it straight back at Shriver—and broke her serve. From the crowd came a long moan of disappointment.

It was justified. Austin might look just a touch like a Raggedy Ann doll, but Shriver was playing like one. Austin's modest service, maybe the least impressive part of her game, had Pam putting forehand returns into the net or firing past the baseline. Once, furious, she kicked the ball into the crowd. Her lack of match practice—her last serious game had been in the 1978 U.S. Open final in which she lost to Chris Evert—stood out like a double fault: her misjudging of short balls at the net was characteristic.

Meanwhile, Austin's return of Shriver's service was almost impeccable. Again and again she scored with hard shots from defensive positions. At the end of the first set it was 6–3, and it must have seemed a smart idea to a lot of people to go out and make sure of a good seat on the bus.

*continued*




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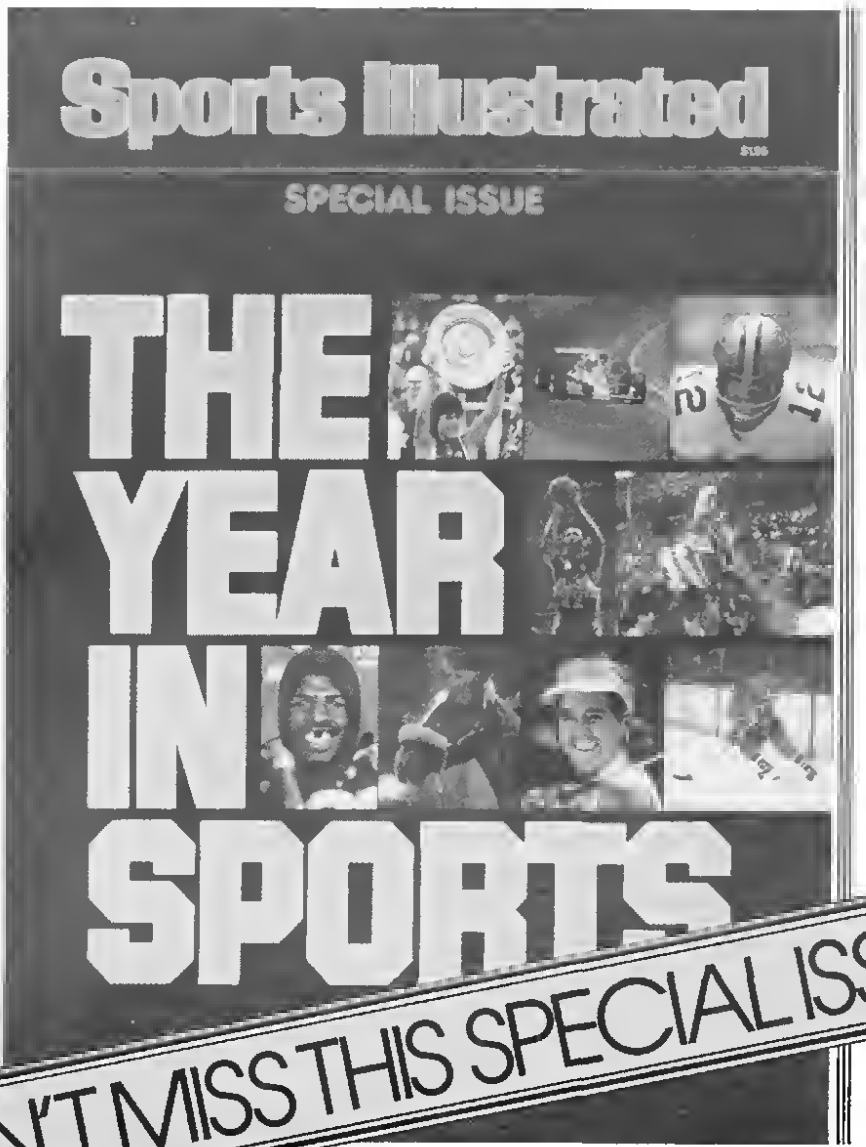
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But in the second set, and so abruptly that it is difficult to explain how it was managed, Shriver's game started to improve. Now she was much more accurate. Now she was coming buoyantly to the net. And the crowd, literally, rose to her. Austin's game was turning arid. As things went amiss for her, as her concentration went, she voiced her feeling with small high-pitched wails. In the fifth game of the set she was aced by Shriver—the first time in the match that this had happened. Then aced again. That put Shriver ahead 4–1 and Austin was in full retreat. As Shriver raced to 6–1, it was a basketball crowd that roared approval. From that blitz, how was any player to recover?

At the end of the set, the crowd still vocal, Tracy put her fingers in her ears and wrapped her head in a towel. Later she confessed she had never encountered inimical crowd noise like this.

She was not, however, intimidated. "I waited for *all* the noise to go away," she said afterward. "I never knew a crowd could be so loud. But when they went wild like that, 'Right!' I said to myself, 'No way!' " There was no way, she meant, she would allow the crowd to put her down.

In the final set it was a privilege to witness what roughly 110 pounds and 5′ 4″ of determination can achieve. Like a crazy compass, the match swung around again. The second game went to deuce, Austin broke Shriver's serve, and then she was *racing* away *from* her *in* a run of five games. At 4–0, as the crowd whistled and Shriver agonized. "Come *on*!", Austin very consciously spent a full minute tying her shoe lace. Then it was 5–0 and virtually over—6–1 at the end. The powerful and confident Shriver of the second set had been reduced to a gawky, girlish figure once more.

It is an interesting thought that 10 years from now, even longer, it is probable that they will still be slugging it out. Meanwhile, though, it was back to high school for Pam, and for Tracy a chance at Martina.

"So the big game is over, huh?" was Navratilova's reaction to the news of Austin's win.

On Saturday evening Tracy ousted Ilana Kloss 6–2, 6–3 in their semifinal match. That afternoon Martina had reached the final herself by beating Dianne Fromholtz 6–4, 6–3 in a match which, she confessed, she had taken more seriously and had prepared for more earnestly than the previous ones. Her serve, she further conceded, was still spotty, but she viewed the prospect of meeting Austin without abnormal trepidation.

"She's hard to play," Martina said, "but I don't get as excited about her as I do about Chris. If you don't look at the faces, though, you'd think you were playing the same person."

Reminded that it was Tracy who last March in Dallas had ended her 37-match winning streak in a third-set tie-breaker, and as recently as last November had taken her 6–1, 6–1 in Japan, Navratilova was once again inclined to be dismissive. "I was looking forward to my vacation that week," she said. "That one I didn't fight out."

"Vacation? I didn't hear anything about a vacation," said Tracy when apprised of this. "I do know that when I've beaten her, I have had to play extremely well. She's so *strong* . . . that huge serve she puts in. . . ."

The final was not, in some ways, dissimilar to the Shriver-Austin clash: consistency against strength. Only Navratilova also had maturity and deep battle experience. It was entirely possible that the Czech would brush Austin off like an irritating fly, batter her with powerful forehands, jump on her weak second serve, rush the net, intimidate her.

And early in the match, Martina seemed intent on doing this, moving menacingly up to the net in the first game. *But if* it was *intimidation, it didn't work.* Austin slyly pushed the ball past her, took the first game, then, patiently setting herself at the baseline, returned everything that Martina hit at her. With these tactics, she broke Navratilova's service in the second game.

This time there was no reason for Austin to worry about the crowd, which was solidly on her side now. And it stayed with her as the score became 4–1, 4–2, then 5–2.

"I was worried at 5–2," Tracy said later. "I had a set point—and then she came back." Navratilova did indeed, winning the game as well as three of the next four points. "I thought if I lose this, there's her serve coming up and then it will be 5–5," Austin said. In the vital ninth game, in fact, Navratilova led 40–15 and was poised to break back. But Navratilova was having a bad day with her backhand and remorselessly Austin began to play on the weakness. She took the game and the set. It was somewhat before this that Martina had given voice to her boredom.



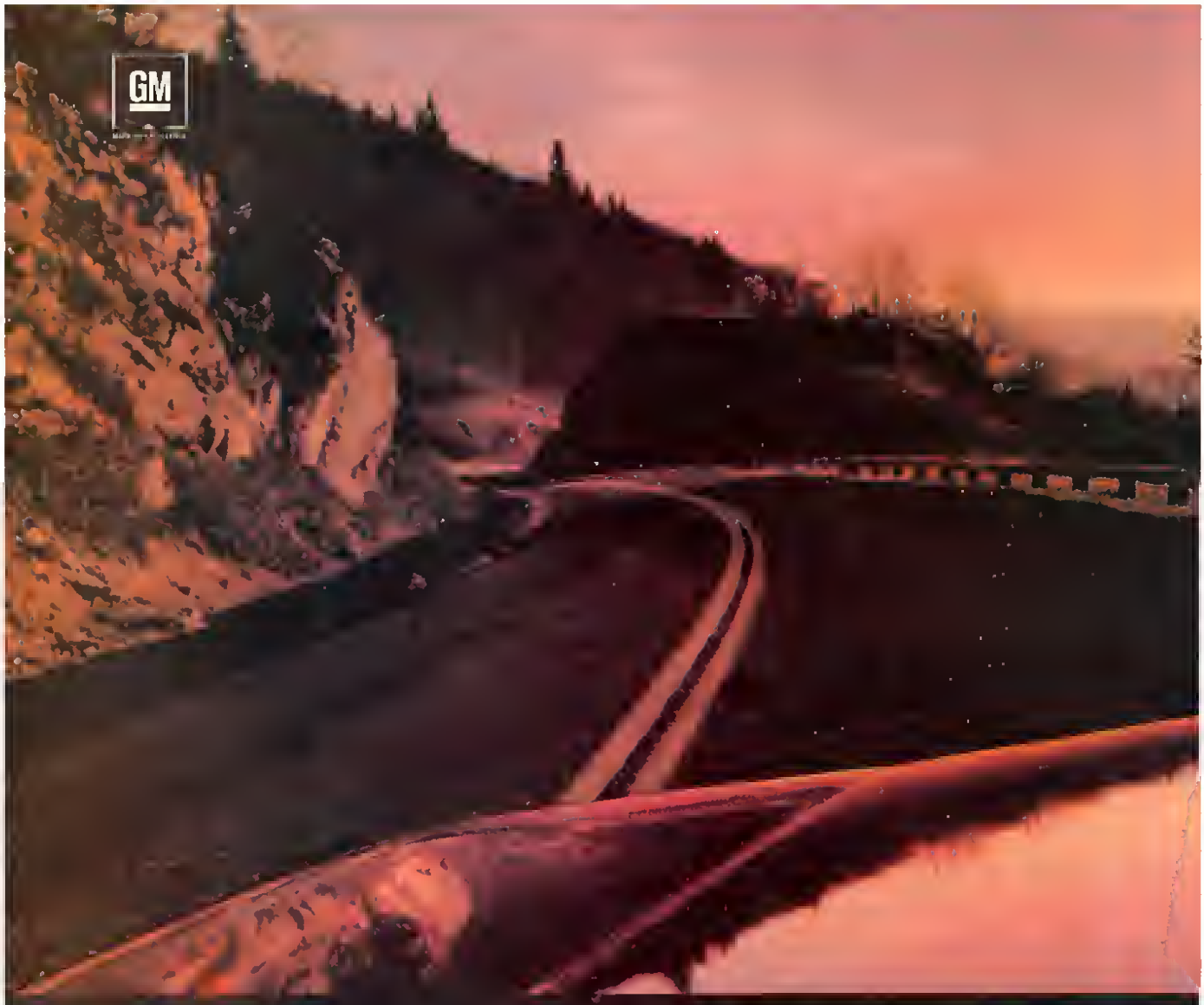
*Martina was czeched out 6–3, 6–2 by Tracy*

After the match, an ice pack tucked between neck and left shoulder, Navratilova explained her outburst. "I don't have the patience for these long rallies. I have to try to hit a winner right away. If I have to hit the ball 30 times, I'm going to miss it in the end." The difference between the players came to this: if she had to hit the ball 90 times, Tracy would never get bored. Or impatient. Nor, likely, would she miss.

For Martina, the second set was even more of a disaster. She began with a double fault and lost her serve in the third game. Her aggression ebbed as her shots went awry and Austin sailed through the set without misadventure to win the $24,000 first prize. In the three months since she turned pro, Tracy Austin's record reads three tournaments entered, three won.

And what did the immediate future hold for her? Well, school on Monday, she confessed. And how did she win at Washington? She just played her game, she said.

To which Navratilova generously added, "Which is what? Everything!" Well, just about. **END**




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After all, life is to enjoy.

by Sarah Pileggi

# Getting off to a fast start

*Two world records were set in the year's first major meet, the Muhammad Ali*

An indoor track meet is equal parts organized spectacle and pure pandemonium and the Muhammad Ali Invitational in Long Beach, Calif., the first major meet of the season, was no exception. It was a classic, not only for chaos but for remarkable performances. Herman Frazier said after he had set a world record of 1:01.2 in the 500-meter run, "It exploded like a bomb." There were relays for little girls, sprints for old men, and a celebrity 800-meter relay that included high jumper Dwight Stones (whose suspension by the AAU is being appealed), U.S. Senator Alan Cranston, former WBA heavyweight champion Jimmy Ellis and WBC welterweight champ Carlos Palomino and jockeys Angel Cordero and Darrel McHargue.




*John Walker made a comeback, coming from behind Cummings to win the 1,500 in a record 3:37.4.*

Ron Clarke's son Marcus came from Australia to run in the high school 1,500, barefoot, and Fortune Gordien's son Marcus was second in the shotput with a heave of 62' 1½". Forty-four-year-old Miki Gorman, the tiny queen of the marathoners, won the women's masters 1,500 for the second time, in 4:49.4, and 61-year-old Payton Jordan, the track coach at Stanford for more than two decades, won the 60-meter dash for men 55 and over, also for the second time, in 7.75.

There was something for everyone, including track fans. The 60-meter dash, with a field led by Houston McTear, was so deep in talent it looked like the Olympic Trials. McTear set five indoor world records last season, including a 6.54 in the 60 at the Ali meet. But picking favorites at this time of year is guesswork. McTear's competition was Clancy Edwards, the muscular USC sprinter who last year won the 100 and the 200 at both the NCAA and the AAU meets, a double-double, Steve Riddick, Don Merrick, Harvey Glance, Steve Williams and last year's high school sensation indoors, LaNoris Marshall. McTear won his heat with ease, but he was left in the blocks in the final, and the order of finish was Glance (6.62), Riddick and Williams.

The field for the 60-meter hurdles was just as good—Renaldo Nehemiah, Charles Foster, Greg Foster, Dedy Cooper and Kerry Bethel. Nehemiah set the world indoor mark for 60 yards (7.07) at last winter's Millrose Games, but he had two demoralizing losses to Greg Foster outdoors, which he says, "taught me a lot." In Long Beach the thoughtful Maryland sophomore applied his new knowledge and edged Cooper and Greg Foster to finish in 7.5—hand-timed because the automatic timer broke down.

Nothing in the entire evening, not even Ali himself parading the length of the straightaway with his wife Veronica

by his side, could diminish the significance of John Walker's 1,500. The race was the Olympic champion's first on a track in a year. Late last winter the 27-year-old New Zealander flew back home following a lackluster U.S. indoor season and underwent two operations to relieve pressure caused by his calf muscles swelling and restricting the flow of blood in his arteries. The operations were ineffective, but in November Walker resumed training anyway. He had to limit his workouts to 30-minute sessions, which were all his legs could take before the swelling and pain would set in. He ran either five miles on the flat or six on hills in the mornings, and he trained on a track in the afternoons, doing 60-second quarters, one on top of another. Sometimes he would run a 4:03 mile and then try to hold his closing pace for an extra two laps. "Every time I work," he said, "I make sure I work hard."

He was happy with his progress by the time he and his new wife, Helen, came to the U.S. a month ago for the Superstars competition, but he needed a confidence builder, a race with which to gauge his progress. Once in Los Angeles he moved to an apartment in Marina del Rey and worked out alone every day at UCLA. For a break in the routine he ran a five-mile road race and finished 10th in 23:04.

Besides Walker, the 1,500 featured Dick Buerkle, who himself is coming back from the leg injury he suffered after setting the indoor world record of 3:54.9 in the mile last season; Paul Cummings, who finished second to Wilson Waigwa at this meet a year ago, and Marty Liquori. The field was rounded out by Syd Maree, a black South African who attends Villanova, and Ray Flynn, an Irishman who runs for the Mason-Dixon AC.

At the gun Buerkle jumped into the lead, as expected. Maree fell in behind him, and Walker settled into third, about five yards behind the pair. Cummings was last. The field stayed that way through a fast (57.2) 400 and a slower (1:59.3) 800, but suddenly, with three laps of the big 200-meter track left to go, Cummings streaked to the front. Cummings passed 1,200 meters in 2:56.9 with Walker right behind him. Going into the last lap Walker pulled up to Cummings' shoulder and hung there, coming out of the final turn he drew into the lead. "Keeping by his side made him work twice as hard," Walker said later. "If I'd gone ahead he'd have had a rest."

The stratagem worked perfectly and Walker not only had his confidence builder to take back home with him, but he also had the world indoor record—3:37.4—to go with his world outdoor in the mile. Cummings was second in 3:37.6, and Maree, who finished third in 3:38.2, recorded the fourth-best 1,500 ever run indoors. Walker's time replaced the 3:37.8 set in 1971 by Harald Norpoth of West Germany. Thus the Muhammad Ali Invitational, which was only a glimmer in the eye of promoter Harold J. Smith three years ago, had opened the season for the second year in a row with a world record.

Smith is a black 35-year-old entertainment promoter from New York who moved to the West Coast a few years ago and has been making things happen ever since, to the occasional discomfort of Los Angeles' established sports promoters. Smith's involvement in sports began in 1976, when he read a wire-service story that described the desperate financial circumstances of Houston McTear's family. Smith contacted McTear and offered to sponsor him. Two years ago he moved McTear to Southern California to live, go to school and train. Now McTear is married, has a nine-week-old son named Isaac Houston McTear, lives in an apartment in Westwood, trains under the guidance of Hilton Nicholson, a former sprinter from Trinidad and the University of Michigan, and says he is very happy.

Smith was also the man who showed Ali the photograph of the McTear house in Milligan, Fla. that caused Ali to write a check for $30,000 on the spot and tell Smith, "Go buy that family a house." A little later Smith arranged for McTear to meet Ali, and out of the meeting grew the first Muhammad Ali track meet. As Lee Smith, Harold's wife, tells it, Ali wanted to know whether McTear was the fastest runner in the world. When he learned that the matter was open to debate, that sometimes McTear won, but other times Glance, Williams, Riddick, Don Quarrie or someone else won, Ali suggested that they get everybody together to see who was really the best. Smith said done.

When the AAU said it would not sanction a single-event meet, Smith organized a full-fledged outdoor meet at the Cerritos College track on Memorial Day 1977, in which the 100-meter dash was the centerpiece. He claimed in his advertising that Ali would be there, and Ali was there, to the enormous surprise of everyone except the 8,000 fans who showed up to see him. But the meet was not particularly memorable and many of the other athletes Smith had said would be on hand failed to appear. In fact, the meet still has a credibility problem. Five minutes before the 3,000 meters was scheduled to start last Saturday night, a meet official was asked if world-record holder Henry Rono would be running as advertised. The official replied that he would. But Rono didn't. In fact, officials at Washington State, where he is a junior, assumed he was still home in Kenya on semester break.

Now, thanks to a three-year television contract with NBC for five boxing shows and two track meets a year, Smith has the money to organize his meet, even if he is spending it in rather unorthodox ways. Customarily, indoor-meet promoters invest heavily in imported stars for a few glamorous events. They then flesh out the program with lesser lights from local colleges and clubs. Smith boasted last week that 75% of the athletes in his meet were from outside California. But he was proudest of his college 1,600-meter relay named for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., for which he brought together teams from five predominantly black colleges—Grambling, Southern, Florida A&M, Howard and Texas Southern. "They don't get an opportunity very often to run in California or on TV," Smith said of his investment, which was appreciated most by the Southern squad that won the event by 20 meters in 3:11.4.

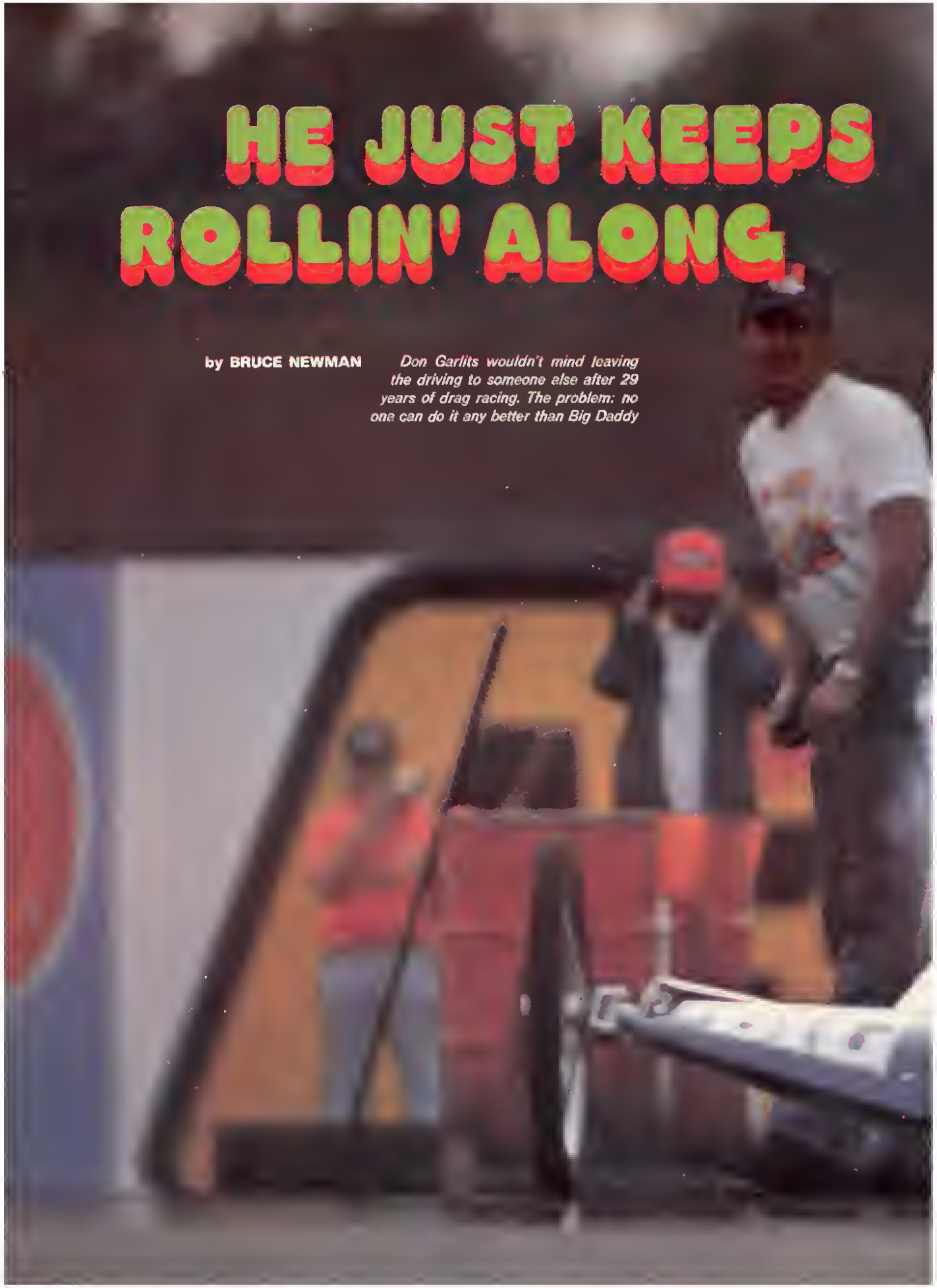
Al Franken, who has run the Sunkist Invitational (formerly the Los Angeles Invitational) since the early '60s, estimates that Smith spent $10,000 to indulge this particular whim. Ron Stanko, an athletic shoe company representative, said, "If Smith had the expertise *and* all that NBC money, he could fly in Steve Ovett from England and fill the stadium for the mile. But he spends on obscure events."

To which Smith says, "This is what Harold Smith is all about. I want to do something that will bring us all together and that we can be proud of. I've spent a lot of money. Now the other promoters have to spend money. This is a hard act to follow." **END**

# HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN' ALONG

by BRUCE NEWMAN

*Don Garlits wouldn't mind leaving the driving to someone else after 29 years of drag racing. The problem: no one can do it any better than Big Daddy*






CONTINUED

Don Garlits lives 14 miles east of Tampa, Fla., in Seffner, an area so chockablock with retirement villages and cemeteries that it is known in undertaking circles as God's Little Waiting Room. Old women with blue hair sit on park benches feeding pigeons; old men who are gnarled like briars play checkers. Don Garlits has lived in this area for 47 years, all of his life, and it has affected his feelings: Garlits refuses to believe that he is an old man, in fact *the* Old Man. Some people, of course, will tell you that such a denial is a sign of senility.

While it is true that in the strictest sense Garlits did not *invent* drag racing (Louis Armstrong did not invent jazz, either, but without him we might all still be listening to *A Bicycle Built for Two*), in 29 years of racing he has surely had more to do with the sport's emergence and survival than anyone. Fifteen years ago, when Garlits was a stripling of 32, he was canonized in a book as drag racing's Big Daddy because of his prominence in the sport. The name had a certain ring, and it has stuck. Half a dozen times Garlits has retired, or threatened to, and each time he has returned, more competitive than before. Big Daddyhood is not something you just walk away from. "In 20 years they'll be rolling him up to that car in a wheelchair and dropping him in," says driver Don Prudhomme, the only true rival Garlits has ever had. "He'll never quit."

And why should he? In nearly three decades of hurtling down quarter-mile asphalt strips, Garlits has earned more than $4 million, won every event of consequence at least once, set every speed record that meant anything and engineered almost every design innovation that brought the long, spidery dragsters to their present top speeds of 250 mph. "There isn't one bit of engineering on these cars that didn't come from something I did first," says Garlits, characteristically immodest. "Damn straight."

All of this pioneering has taken its toll. From time to time little pieces of Big Daddy have been left out there. Part of a finger once, another time half of his






*When Garlits first came out of the Florida swamps and headed for California, he disdained the fancy paint jobs that were all the rage and called his black AA/Fueler the Swamp Rat. Its successor has a splash of white, goes 250 mph and bears testimony to Big Daddy's convictions.*

right foot and very nearly both of his lips. But what is the loss of a few fleshy parts to a man who has carried an entire sport around on his back for more than two decades?

Physically, Garlits may now be at the peak of his career. "He may be older than most of us," says driver Tom McEwen, "but his reflexes at the starting line are phenomenal. Nobody leaves first on the Old Man. He may be the quickest in the lights I've ever seen." Prudhomme, who has turned being blasé into an entertaining art form, admits that he often sneaks up to the starting line when Garlits is racing, just to watch him at work.

If, indeed, the years have affected Garlits in any way, it is that whereas he once was merely strange, now he is weird. "The man has made an awful lot of trips down that quarter-mile," says Shirley Muldowney, the 1977 National Hot Rod Association's Top Fuel driving champion, and, as we shall see, Garlits' great nemesis. "I think it's made him funny in the head."

Muldowney, who was likely playing

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER





*At his home, Garlits arranges his schedule amid a clutter created by a few of his trophies*

## BIG DADDY *continued*

hopscotch when Big Daddy was well down the road to drag racing stardom, has come late to this opinion. Garlits has always been regarded as something of an oddball. A believer in extraterrestrial beings, Garlits has been suspected of being on a first-name basis with the kind of people who know how to produce a bit of eye-of-newt on short notice. "He always did have an interest in unusual things," says Bernie Partridge, Division 7 director of the NHRA, the California-based organization that promotes and sanctions the most prestigious drag racing in the United States.

In 1970, when Garlits was involved in a serious accident in Long Beach, Calif.—the one that cost him half of his right foot—McEwen spent hours at his hospital bedside. "He can talk about anything," says McEwen, "politics, religion, racing—he can go on for hours. His eyes get real big when he's talking; it's kind of scary. He's so intelligent that sometimes he borders on being insane. The strange thing is that he believes in all that outer-space stuff. Garlits thinks Albert Einstein was brought from another planet by aliens, then taken back when he died."

Stories of Garlits' dealings with the spirits gained such widespread acceptance among the drivers he raced against that at the 1973 Winternationals in Pomona, Calif., Carl Olson, a rival driver in the Top Fuel class, decided to fight it out with totems at 20 paces. Olson, who is now an NHRA executive, strapped on an ankh, an ancient Egyptian symbol of life, figuring in his own fevered way that it would ward off whatever evil spirits Garlits might be invoking. "Garlits likes to mess with other drivers' minds in very subtle ways," Olson says. "Usually he does something that makes you so mad you forget what you ought to be doing to try to beat him." Ankh or no ankh, Olson was evidently distracted enough to get eliminated in the semifinals. Garlits won.

Prudhomme, who began his career in the "rail" dragsters Garlits drives but then switched to Funny Cars, says he was once startled to see Big Daddy stop what he was doing in the pits between rounds, look to the heavens and suddenly bleat the name of the driver he would have to face in the next round well before it was determined who that unfortunate soul would be. It was also Garlits' custom to hang animal teeth from a leather thong in the cab of his tow truck, teeth he believed were invested with magical powers. Another friend recalls seeing him rub the teeth vigorously before a particularly crucial race, then suddenly freeze in the midst of this rite. "Better not rub too hard," Garlits reportedly said, ominously. "Somebody could get hurt out there."

The most recent manifestation of Garlits' otherworldliness—it seems fair to call it that—is the GOD IS LOVE sign he has had painted through the outline of a cross on his dragster. As a rule that space is reserved for sponsors' decals. Because Garlits is a notorious pinchpenny, his gesture has been dismissed by cynics as an attempt to "put the arm on God for a new motor." Garlits says that though this is the first time the *big* Big Daddy has gotten billing on his car, his faith is neither new nor of the born-again variety. "I just decided to go public," he says.

There are times when it is difficult to square Garlits' piety with his instinctive combativeness, which often flares up like a pit-viper someone has just mistaken for a jump rope. His battles with opponents both real and imagined are legendary. "He needs all the controversies to keep him going," says McEwen. "He thrives on that stuff."

Another racer who has watched Garlits for years suspects there is a good reason the Old Man still travels hundreds of long hours with his race car each year, a drudgery Garlits could afford to skip by flying from one stop to another. "He

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does it to make himself mad at the world," the racer says. "When Big Daddy hies himself out of that truck after a long haul, he's like a wild animal that's just gotten loose from its cage. He wants to go race until he's beaten everybody, as if they were all personally responsible for making his life rough."

In fact, Garlits has tried several times to remove himself from the constant grind of driving his race car, but he is like an old war-horse who cannot be out of the traces long before he begins to miss them. During his periodic retirements he has turned his cars over to a hapless succession of so-called "shoes," as in hotshoes, whose only responsibility was to listen when Big Daddy whispered meaningfully in their ears, then to go out and mash the accelerator. These experiments brought mixed results. That is to say, sometimes the drivers quit in a huff, sometimes Garlits fired them. "I tried to tell them what I wanted," Big Daddy says, "but I found out I could talk all I wanted, and just as soon as they had won a few races they all got strange ideas in their heads. They think they've got some kind of magic. Well, they haven't.

"This sport got gross ['gross' is one of Garlits' favorite words, a relic from his street-racing days in the '50s] about three years ago. We've got people in drag racing now who don't know a thing about these cars. Most of the fun I've gotten out of racing has come from trying something new with an engine, and seeing it work a few minutes later in a race. It's a kind of immediate gratification that you can't get in any other kind of racing.

"This might surprise some people, but I don't drive real well. It doesn't take that much ability to drive one of these cars, anyway. The driving isn't a big thing with me. I wouldn't do it at all if I could find somebody else who knew how. What I'd like to see someday is a race where they put all the top drivers in a garage with nothing but a bunch of torn-down engines. The first one to put all the pieces together and win a race with it would be crowned the world champion. That would separate the boys from the girls."

The "girl" that Garlits would especially like to separate himself from is the aforementioned Muldowney. Muldowney is the pluperfect "shoe"—even if it's likely to be a pointy-toed satin pump with a three-inch spike heel—and for the past two years she's been stepping on Garlits' ego. Muldowney is only a slightly better-than-average driver with little mechanical aptitude. When she won the NHRA Top Fuel points championship in 1976, a title that Big Daddy himself had won in 1975, she got under Garlits' skin in a way most other drivers only dream about. In his museum near his home in Seffner, Garlits has a dartboard with a large photograph of Muldowney's face affixed to it. Most of Muldowney's darts have been verbal ones—from time to time she has reportedly called Garlits "a creep," "a cheapskate" and, most memorably, "the old fool."

Garlits was incredulous when Muldowney laid claim to what amounted to Big Mommyhood after her championship, and he has had her lined up in his cross hairs ever since. "Not to be a male chauvinist," says Garlits, about to be precisely that, "but women are definitely the weaker of the sexes and need to be protected by men while they're carrying the babies. I don't understand these women like Muldowney who want to prove they're as good as men. I wouldn't want my wife sticking her hands down in an engine to change red-hot pistons, getting her fingers all cut up and dirty. How can a woman expose herself to that, and all the rough talk around a racetrack, and still be feminine?

"Now, Shirley has done a remarkable thing, and she's gotten a lot of publicity for it. But I think she's begun to believe her own press releases. I resent her sitting in the cab of that truck filing her nails while those turncoat men flog her car for her. Meanwhile, all the other drivers—all those big strong men—have given in to her. Somebody has got to stop Muldowney, and right now it looks like I'm the only one standing between her and glory."

In December of 1971 Garlits was invited to a cocktail party at the White House along with several other celebrities who had entertained the troops in Vietnam. During the reception he got a chance to meet Richard Nixon, and found him to be "a wonderful person." It must have been quite a moment, the President of the United States clasping hands and chatting in a casual sort of way with an unrepentant hot rodder, a guy who once wore a leather jacket black enough to match the oil crescents under his fingernails and who was known in certain circles as Don Garbage.

"Garbage" was not really a reference to Garlits' personal appearance but rather a taunting reminder from the guys in California that the Easterner ran cars that looked as if they were put together by a junkyard reclamation service. Out in California, where boys were men and where cars were presents from Mom and Dad ("Hey, bitchin' wheels, Mom and Dad!") for mowing the lawn, the dragsters were built to look like sparkling jewels. The best of them had hand-rubbed lacquer finishes and a glittering bindweed of chrome piping. They were *so bitchin'*. And the boys who built and drove these wonderwagons were *so bitchin'*. And to them, Don Garlits seemed like such a, well, greaser. Not a bitchin' guy at all. No way.

For his part, Garlits was enraged by the smug superiority of the Californians, but he had neither the money nor the inclination to turn his dragster into a multihued, candy-coated road rocket, so he painted it jet black and called it the *Swamp Rat*. He might have called it the *Swamp Fox*, or even the *Everglade Eagle*, but Garlits chose to identify himself with a rodent. Moreover, he has added a roman numeral to each successive car, his last being *Swamp Rat VI*.

In 1950 when he was just getting started in drag racing, Garlits was an 18-year-old mechanical prodigy whose mother wanted him to become a bookkeeper but who had an itch to go fast and the ability to make it happen. What Garlits didn't have was a lot of money. He built the pioneer cars of the sport with leftover scraps of junkers, and though his designs tended to have a quilted look, they enabled him to beat more experienced racers in early races on an abandoned airstrip in Zephyrhills, Fla.

Garlits always raced anywhere he could get a booking, and as the sport got on its feet he was racing more dates than anyone. The real frontier years of drag racing were in the late '50s, when the technology and equipment began to catch up to the racers' imaginations.

continued

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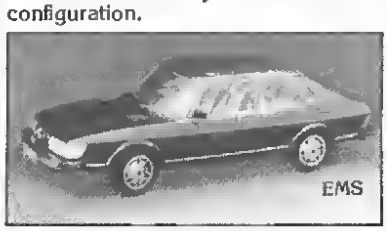
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Those were years in which the quarter-mile speed record was sometimes bettered by 10 or 15 mph at a crack. From that point and on through the '60s, Garlits was almost always a full tenth of a second quicker than anyone else, a decisive edge in a sport whose victories are now calibrated in milliseconds. "Garlits always raced at so many bad tracks," says McEwen, "that when he got on a good surface he was nearly impossible to beat."

*Swamp Rat I* went 180 mph in 1958, but the car shook so badly that Garlits was often bruised by being thrown against the sides of the cockpit. Now he is restoring the car for the drag-racing museum he is building on his property in Seffner. With luck, Garlits hopes to be able to drive it in exhibitions, though his longtime mechanic and friend Tommy Lemons says skeptically, "I'd rather sit in the electric chair."

The museum is Garlits' special brainchild, and when it is built he hopes it will stand as a monument not only to his own achievements but also to drag racing itself. All of his old cars will be on exhibit, including a couple that were sold to racers in England and Australia. It will have the first dragster ever to run 200 mph (Garlits did it in 1964), the first dragster to run 240 mph (Garlits, '68), the first to make back-to-back elapsed-time runs in the sub-six-second range (Garlits, '73) and the first dragster to break 250 mph (Garlits, '75). Also on display will be the first workable rear-engine dragster, which Garlits designed from his hospital bed while recovering from injuries he sustained when a transmission blew up between his legs in 1970. It was the same accident that cost Garlits half of his right foot. Photographs taken just as Garlits hammered the throttle that day show his transmission exploding like a fragmentation bomb and the frame of his car buckling so hideously that the roll bar behind Garlits' head actually touched the engine in front of him. The accident was very nearly fatal and kept Big Daddy off the track for four months. "I have all the pieces of that transmission," he says, "and when the museum opens, I'm going to put them in a special exhibit under glass."

Among the hundreds of trophies in his museum will be a battered statuette that may have more historical ramifications than all the others combined. In 1957 Big Daddy decided to defy the NHRA's ban on nitromethane fuel. While most other racers accepted the prohibition and raced on pump gasoline, Garlits continued to press for more horsepower with the volatile nitro. This undoubtedly annoyed Wally Parks, director of the NHRA. When Garlits showed up in 1960 at the "gas only" Winternationals in Daytona Beach, few were surprised that he was disqualified on a technicality. This was *after* Garlits had set the top speed of the meet and at the presentation ceremony for that accomplishment he took the opportunity to tell the NHRA what he thought of it.

"I just stood there on the track and smashed their trophy on the ground," the Old Man says. "Then I called them all a bunch of names. People don't forget a thing like that, and it took Wally Parks a long time to forgive me. I suppose some of those old wounds never have healed completely."

The healing process might have been a lot quicker if Garlits hadn't kept twisting the knife. In 1972 he started a rival sanctioning body called the Professional Racers' Association (later called the Professional Racers Organization, or PRO) and scheduled its showcase race for the same holiday weekend as the U.S. Nationals, the NHRA's biggest event. Garlits says he did it because the winner of the Top Fuel division of the '71 Nationals, Steve Carbone, had claimed he had collected only $6,100 of the $6,300 he won in purses. "I told Wally a race like that should pay $25,000," Garlits says. "He told me drag racing was still in its infancy and that it would be a long time before anybody would pay $25,000."

Garlits, of course, recognizes a gauntlet when one hits the track in front of him, and he set out to prove the NHRA was wrong by offering $25,000 top prize money in the professional divisions of the PRA Challenge. The first PRA race was run in Tulsa from the Thursday through the Sunday before Labor Day. The flaw in Garlits' plan to disrupt the Indianapolis Nationals was that the NHRA ran its finals on Labor Day, Monday. "A lot of racers qualified at Indy on Thursday," Garlits says, "raced in Tulsa, then went back to Indy for their finals on Monday. That really hurt me. I was trying to prove that the racers deserved championship money for a championship race, and here were these guys playing both ends against the middle. We had a gross gate of $225,000 at the PRA, of which we turned 40% back to the racers, and we still lost $11,000. My wife Pat and I worked night and day for months promoting that race, and the winners took home more non-contingency prize money than at any other race in the history of the sport."

In 1972 the NHRA raised the purses for the U.S. Nationals, and Top Fuel winner Gary Beck won $18,000. But Don Moody in Top Fuel and McEwen in Funny Car each carted off $38,000 in winnings that year from the PRA.

A good example of the kind of day-to-day relationships Big Daddy has maintained over the years with other drivers is his curious friendship with Prudhomme. Garlits has won 18 NHRA national titles in his career, but Prudhomme, who is 10 years younger, has won 27. That doesn't seem to bother Garlits as much as the fact that Prudhomme was among the drivers who raced at both Indianapolis and Tulsa in 1972. Big Daddy admires Prudhomme's skills enormously, but he has never quite forgiven him that breach of faith. "Prudhomme was the name driver the NHRA used in all its promotional advertising for the race," Garlits says, "and he was the one driver with the drawing power to save them from taking a bath on the deal."

If Garlits made drag racing a sport, Prudhomme was largely responsible for making that sport a business by attracting lucrative sponsors. Consequently, Prudhomme views the PRA race a bit differently. "The thing he didn't understand," Prudhomme says, "was that most of us have commitments to sponsors that we have no choice but to honor. Garlits can do whatever he wants because he's Garlits and because he doesn't have to answer to anybody but himself."

Even trying to torpedo the NHRA's biggest race might not have made the Old Man a lifelong enemy of the organization, because the PRA Challenge flopped in 1977 when the racers abandoned it. In fact, in 1975 Garlits won

the NHRA points championship, which, like him or not, endeared Big Daddy to the sugar daddies who pay sponsorship money.

In October 1975, after he won the championship at the World Finals in Ontario, Calif., Garlits took the podium at the awards banquet and embarked upon an hour-long speech recounting all his great moments in drag racing. Many of the racers who were in the audience that night recall it as a powerfully moving moment. They interpreted it as a sort of abdication address, a king admitting that he could no longer keep up with the competition and ending his reign. "He practically had me in tears," says Prudbomme with no trace of cynicism.

By late December of that year, however, word was beginning to go around that Garlits had signed a lucrative contract to run exclusively in national events sanctioned by the International Hot Rod Association (IHRA), an aspiring rival to the NHRA. Garlits contends that he had meant all along that he was retiring *only* from the NHRA, not from drag racing altogether. But even with Garlits, the IHRA did not become a serious challenge to the NHRA and by 1977 Garlits was back on the NHRA circuit, as unrepentant as ever.

Parks has always tried to minimize the feud, and last year, in an interview in *Popular Hot Rodding*, the NHRA director went so far as to pretend it didn't exist. "There never was a feud," he said. "Garlits has very cleverly promoted his own notoriety, some of which I must admire because it is good showmanship. Some of it is regrettable, because he doesn't care who else gets hurt along the line. By and large he is still the top name in drag racing, and he will always be the Muhammad Ali of the sport."

Big Daddy seems uncertain of just what his next move in this chess game should be. "They've done some pretty gross things to me," he says, "but I've done some pretty gross things to them. I'd say it's just about even. I'm just a little too independent to always do exactly what the NHRA wants me to." One moment he seems ready to kiss and make up. "Wally Parks is the one who took a bunch of guys who were outlaws to society and turned the thing into a million-dollar sport," he says. Then in the next breath Garlits mentions a deal he considered making with an anti-smoking organization. The plan, he says, was for him to compete in the NHRA points series, which is sponsored by Winston cigarettes, win the championship, then announce that he would be unable to accept the prize money because he didn't support smoking. "That would curl their hair, wouldn't it?" he says diabolically.

If ever there were a fundamental statement of attitude, that would be Big Daddy's. All he has ever really wanted to do was curl people's hair, and show them they were fools for underestimating him. To do that it has often been necessary for him to fail spectacularly. When Muldowney was winning everything in 1977, the only thing that seemed important was that she was beating Garlits, and of course it was Garlits who was the architect of his own humiliation by thumping his chest and screaming, "Look at me! Getting beaten by a girl!" When Muldowney's gifted chief mechanic, Connie Kalitta (a man), left her crew late last year, Muldowney virtually dropped out of sight. And Garlits, with a fine sense of theater, returned to his former eminence by winning the Gatornationals in March 1978 and the U.S. Nationals at Indianapolis in September.

It was the fifth time Garlits had won the Nationals, and it was vintage Big Daddy. He qualified fifth, with an elapsed time of 5.939 seconds. Then, in Sunday's opening round of 32 cars, he dusted off a challenger named Lou Novelli, who was eight years old when Garlits started racing. Big Daddy's time of 6.049 wasn't bad, but it was more than a tenth of a second slower than No. 1 qualifier Dave Uyehara's 5.924. After some adjustments back in the pit area, however, Garlits turned in the fastest time of the day in the second round of eliminations, 5.867.

In Round 3 he was paired against Uyehara, who had snapped off a 5.919 in his second-round win. It was a fine moment, the kind that gives drag racing its special side-by-side, let's-settle-this-thing-right-now appeal. At idle, the 1,700-hp. engine of a Top Fuel dragster crackles like bacon being cooked on a grill. The engine produces such incredible amounts of power so suddenly that if you ran one at full throttle for 10 seconds it would weld itself together and explode. First Garlits, then Uyehara moved the front wheels of their cars into the beams of the electronic "staging" lights. As the 16 tortured pistons throbbed and the cars seemed to struggle to be released, a yellow light flickered on, then, barely behind, came a green. In the nearly imperceptible moment between the two, while an electrical impulse was racing from the yellow bulb to the green, Garlits' big angry engine began to surge. Uyehara, who had the faster car, was frozen in the lights for a millisecond, then his car, too, reared back on its rubbery haunches. Uyehara covered the quarter-mile in 5.888 seconds, with a speed of 243.90 mph, which was faster than Garlits' 5.916/242.58 mph; but Garlits, on the strength of his astonishing reflexes, got to the finish line first, and that is all that counts in a drag race.

Following that, Garlits disposed of Larry Dixon and moved into the finals against Rob Bruins. It was not to be the nerve-wrenching battle he had had with Uyehara, but it was good enough. Garlits flashed down the track in 5.903 seconds.

After he had won and made a mental note to make room for one more vehicle in his museum, Garlits did not go out and celebrate with the drivers he travels with all year. No, Big Daddy began loading his truck for its long trip back to the 17-acre spread in Seffner, with the 65 citrus trees, and the alligator in the lake which sometimes suns himself on Big Daddy's beach, and the office with piped-in stereo and Pat and the two kids—at least until the end of this month, when he will load up tow truck and trailer and head out to Pomona for the Winternationals.

"I've seen him walk on water," says one driver. "There just isn't anybody else who could do all the things he's done. Drag racing is his whole life; that and his family are the only things that have ever had any meaning to him. When he's out on the road, Garlits' idea of a real big time is to go out to a 7-Eleven and load up on baloney and cheese, then go back to his room at the motel, fix himself a sandwich and talk about cars. You get him away from pistons and spark plugs and oil and he's about as much fun as dirt in a punch bowl." END

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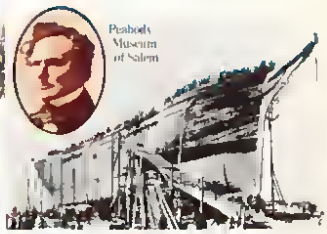

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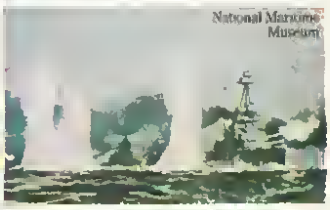

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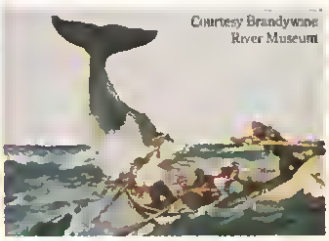
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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the Week Jan. 1-7**

**PRO BASKETBALL**—With at least five players scoring in double figures in each game, Atlantic Division leader Washington (*page 20*) went 3–0 and opened up a 2½-game margin over second-place Philadelphia, which won only once in three starts. After defeating Chicago 111–98, the 76ers lost 123–96 to lowly Indiana for their worst defeat of the season, as Paser Forward Alex English, who had scored 27 in a 108–102 victory over Milwaukee, pumped in 30. Philadelphia then dropped a 143–139 overtime decision to Phoenix as Alvan Adams and Walter Davis combined for 65 points. The Suns, who have beaten five of their last seven opponents and won two of three games away from home took over first place from Seattle in the Pacific Division. Midwest Division leader Kansas City and second-place Denver won three games apiece, losing only to each other. Led by George McGinnis' 28 points, the Nuggets edged the Kings 99–97 in K.C., but the following night in Denver, rookie Phil Ford scored 26 and Kansas City preserved its four-game lead with a 108–101 victory. San Antonio maintained its 1½-game margin over second-place Houston in the Central Division by defeating New Orleans 123–97 and New Jersey 110–104 before succumbing to the Knicks 108–105. Bob McAdoo poured in 38 points for the winners, and Larry Kenon scored 35 for the Spurs, who have lost only two of their last 14 games. Down by seven points with 58 seconds remaining in regulation time, Houston overcame Los Angeles 115–112 in overtime to keep pace with the Spurs. Moses Malone pulled down 23 rebounds and scored 29 points for the Rockets, who earlier had beaten the Nets 127–122 and lost to Atlanta 109–106.

**BOWLING**—On the same day he was named to the American Bowling Congress' Hall of Fame CARMEN SALVINO defeated Mike Berlin 192–170 to win a $100,000 PBA tournament in Anaheim, Calif.

**BOXING**—YOKO GUSHIKEN of Japan retained his WBA junior flyweight title in Kawasaki with a seventh-round knockout of Venezuela's Rigoberto Marcano.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—DALLAS whipped Los Angeles 28–0 in the NFC title game, and PITTSBURGH routed Houston 34–5 for the AFC championship (*page 12*).

**GYMNASTICS**—KURT THOMAS scored 58.15 points to win the men's all-round title by 1.65 points over Jim Hartung in the Albuquerque Journal Invitational. DONNA TURNBOW, who had 37.50 points, won the women's title by .65 points over Annette Miehler and Amy Manchamer.

**HOCKEY**—NHL. Streaks came to an end for both the Islanders and the Canadiens. After routing Vancouver 9–0 in a game that featured a hat trick by Mike Bossy and four assists by Bryan Trottier, who leads the league in scoring with 66 points, the Islanders traveled to Philadelphia, where they lost for the first time in seven games, 3–2. Trottier failed to score at least one point for the first time in 17 games. Two days later the Islanders avenged that defeat with a 5–1 victory in a game marred by a disgraceful donnybrook that produced 180 minutes in penalties and 10 ejections. The Rangers snapped Montreal's unbeaten streak at 15 with their second straight victory over the Canadiens this season, 6–2. The next night Steve Jensen's goal with one minute to play gave Los Angeles a 5–4 win over the Canadiens in Montreal. Los Angeles, which won three of four, beat Pittsburgh 4–3 to regain second place in the Norris Division from the Penguins. In the league's only close race, Chicago increased its Smythe Division lead from two to three points as second-place Vancouver lost all but one of five games. Paced by Ted Bulley's hat trick, the Black Hawks beat Toronto 5–3. Boston won four straight and increased its Adams Division lead to 21 points.

WHA. The league's all-stars swept a three-game series with Moscow Dynamo. The WHA won the first two by 4–2 scores as the Wayne Gretzky-Mark Howe-Gordie Howe line accounted for five goals and seven assists. Goals by Serge Bernier, Peter Sullivan, Rob Ramage and Morris Lukowich gave the WHA a 4–3 win in the third game. In the only games that counted in the league standings, the Czechoslovakian All-Stars beat Cincinnati 4–1 and tied Winnipeg 3–3.

**HORSE RACING**—LITTLE REB ($13.80), Frank Olivares up, defeated Radar Ahead by 2¼ lengths to win the $65,200 Malibu Stakes at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old covered the seven furlongs in 1:21. Triple Crown winner Affirmed finished third.

**TENNIS**—GUILLERMO VILAS defeated John Marks 6–4, 6–4, 3–6, 6–3 to win the $345,000 Australian Open in Melbourne. Chris O'Neill beat Betsy Nagelsen 6–3, 7–6 in the women's final.

JOHN McENROE and PETER FLEMING beat Ilie Nastase and Sherwood Stewart 3–6, 6–2, 6–3, 6–1 to win the $200,000 WCT World Doubles Championship in London.

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Martina Navratilova 6–3, 6–2 to win a $125,000 Avon tournament in Washington, D.C. (*page 80*)

**TRACK & FIELD**—JOHN WALKER of New Zealand broke the world indoor record for the 1,500-meter run at the Muhammad Ali Invitational in Long Beach, Calif. His time of 3:37.4 was .4 of a second faster than the record set by Harald Norpoth of West Germany in 1971. HERMAN FRAZIER of the Philadelphia Pioneers broke the world indoor record for the 500-meter run. His time of 1:01.2 was .1 of a second faster than the record he set at the same meet last year (*page 86*).

**MILEPOSTS**—FOLDED. World Team Tennis' Anaheim Oranges, leaving the league with just three franchises.

HIRED. By the U.S. Military Academy to replace football Coach Homer Smith, LOU SABAN, 57, who won two AFL championships (1964 and '65) with Buffalo and most recently had a two-year record of 9–13 at the University of Miami. HOWARD SCHNELLENBERGER, 44, offensive coordinator of the Miami Dolphins for seven of the past nine years and head coach of the Colts in 1973 and part of 1974, will replace Saban.

REINSTATED. By NHL President John Ziegler, New York Ranger Right Wing DON MURDOCH, 22, after sitting out 40 games of an 80-game suspension following his conviction in Canada for possession of a small amount of cocaine.

RESIGNED. Citing poor health, Oakland Raiders Coach JOHN MADDEN, 42, who had a 10-year record of 112–39–7 and directed the Raiders to seven division titles and a Super Bowl championship. Only one other modern era coach, Don Shula, has won more than 100 games in 10 seasons, and Madden's .742 winning percentage is tops among coaches with 100 victories.

TRADED. By the New York Knicks, Forward SPENCER HAYWOOD, 29, to the New Orleans Jazz for 25-year-old reserve Center JOE MERIWEATHER. Haywood, an MVP in the ABA and a four-time NBA All-Star, has scored 17.8 points per game this season, mostly as a substitute. Meriweather has averaged 6.1 points.

DIED. ANDY GUSTAFSON, 75, former University of Miami football coach (1948–63) and athletic director (1964–68), of a stroke, in Miami. Gustafson had a 93–65–3 record and took the Hurricanes to four bowls.

**CREDITS**

3—Tony Triolo. 12, 13—Marvin E. Newman. 14, 15—Heinz Kluetmeier. 17—Walter Iooss Jr. 18, 19—Walter Iooss Jr. (center); John Iacono (2). 20, 21—Tony Triolo. 22—Jerry Wachter. 29—Evelyn Floret-Black Star. 30—Diana H. Walker (bottom left); John D. Hanlon (2). 71—AP. 75—Hal Stoelzle. 80, 83—George Tiedemann. 88—Richard Mackson.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**KATHY KARPOWICH**
FREELAND, PA.

Kathy, 16, is the first female to be named Darter of the Year by *International Spider* magazine, dart throwing's leading publication. She won six women's singles titles in 1978, including the North American Open in Long Beach, Calif.



**REUBEN JONES**
TULSA

Jones, a 6′ 2″ 195-pound quarterback who was Oklahoma's high school football player of the year, passed for 1,324 yards and 11 TDs and ran for 721 yards and 10 scores to lead Tulsa McLain to an 11–2 season and its first state title.



**PAULA LAMBERTZ**
STREAMWOOD, ILL.

Lambertz, 19, prevailed over a predominantly male field of 100,000 shooters to win the National Explorer Air Rifle Championship in Orlando, Fla. She placed first in the sitting competition and second in the prone and standing events.



**RICHARD BALDWIN**
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

Baldwin, 57, the winningest active college basketball coach in the nation, became the sixth man to win 700 games when his Broome Community College team defeated Monroe Community College 87–66. He has a 32-year record of 703–213.





**JANE GIAMMATTEI**
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

**MARK TALBOTT**
AVENDALE ESTATES, GA.

Jane, 17, and Mark, 18, won the girls' and boys' titles, respectively, at the national junior (under 19) squash racquets championships in Newport, R.I. Jane, a senior at the Emma Willard Academy in Troy, N.Y. and the second-ranked junior girl in the U.S., defeated Nina Porter 15–7, 15–16, 17–15, 15–11 in the finals. Mark, a freshman at Trinity (Conn.) College and the No. 1 junior boy, beat Brad Desaulniers 15–12, 15–10, 15–12 for his fourth national age-group championship.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**SPORTSMAN NICKLAUS (CONT.)**

Sir:

Thank you for the splendid Christmas present—naming Jack Nicklaus Sportsman of the Year and giving us Frank Deford's brilliant article about him (*Still Glittering After All These Years*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1).

I have the good fortune to belong to Jack's Muirfield Village Golf Club, and every time I play there I feel the character of the man coming out of that extraordinary piece of land.

BOB ACKERMAN
Marion, Ohio

Sir:

As his pastor, I see Jack Nicklaus not only as the great athlete he is but also as a devoted family man with an intense faith and an attitude of caring for others.

There may be those who had better "athletic" years than Jack but no one else better epitomizes the title Sportsman. You have made a wise selection, and the article by Frank Deford captured the essence of Jack.

THE REV. EARLE RABB
Trinity United Methodist Church
Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

Sir:

You had a tough decision to make and you made a beauty. No other athlete this year has done more to promote American sports, goodwill and the competitive desire. Jack Nicklaus, the golf professional, golf-course architect, father and businessman, is most deserving of this prestigious award.

PHIL FAHS
Dallas

Sir:

Your award is Sportsman of the Year, not Sportsman for a Career. For Jack Nicklaus' year to have paralleled Ron Guidry's, he would have had to win the Grand Slam, the Vardon Trophy for lowest stroke average, the World Series of Golf and have been the leading money-winner, which he wasn't in '78. You goofed!

JIMMY COX
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

I just don't understand it. Every year I have written a letter imploring you to name Jack Nicklaus Sportsman of the Year and you have picked someone else. This time I called for Nancy Lopez, and you picked Nicklaus.

SHARON L. RAYMOND
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir:

It's like giving Liz Taylor an Oscar years after she deserved it.

KEITH D. SMITH JR.
Miami

**PARTICIPANTS**

Sir:

Originally, I had planned to write a strong letter expressing my discontent at your naming Jack Nicklaus Sportsman of the Year. Although Jack is the best golfer in the recorded history of the universe, I equate the athletic ability of golfers with that of race-car drivers, billiards players and bowlers.

Then I read Kenny Moore's article *Taking Part: You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet* (Dec. 25-Jan. 1), which shows that there's a place in sports for all kinds of people with all kinds of musculature. Somehow he makes it apppear as though Nicklaus is on an athletic par with marathoner Bill Rodgers. I suggest you keep Moore around.

JIM GERARD
Dayton

**SPORTS TOWN**

Sir:

You've blown our cover! Having long hidden in the shadow of L.A., San Diego is now in the national limelight (*Sports Town, U.S.A.—It's San Diego*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1). While everyone else in the nation has been working on an ulcer, we've been working on our backhands. Now we'll have to contend with a lot of tourists, who may well want to stay.

RUSSELL PULS
La Mesa, Calif.

**IN DEFENSE OF PHEIDIPPIDES**

Sir:

I object to James F. Fixx' attempt to reason Pheidippides out of existence (*On the Run in Search of a Greek Ghost*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1). Pheidippides—or whoever ran to Athens—was doubtless a soldier, not a professional courier. The outnumbered Greeks could not afford the luxury of a spare man standing around waiting to run to Athens. Even Aeschylus, who Fixx assures us was a reporter that day, was there to fight. Any awards the Greeks bestowed on Aeschylus at Marathon were not for rhetoric.

So after this, the most crucial battle in the history of Western civilization, wouldn't it seem equally plausible that some foot soldier ran off to Athens to share the good news? And that, not having been privileged to read Fixx' book, he ran in armor? Fixx' argument against this is that someone in Rochester, N.Y. thought that would be silly. Well, attacking the powerful Persians on flat ground while greatly outnumbered smacks of silliness. People who worry overly about being silly seldom attain greatness. The Greeks were content with being great.

So, Pheidippides, who has fought hand to hand all day and participated in a great rout, runs to Athens, possibly in armor, and dies sharing the news—and Fixx, the cynic, denies his existence?

ANTHONY E. FOLEY, M.D.
Defiance, Ohio

Sir:

Telling a runner there was no Pheidippides is like telling a child there is no Santa Claus.

LOUIS A. CINQUINO
Le Roy, N.Y.

**THE NFL SEASON**

Sir:

The esteemed Dan Jenkins lays the ultimate blame for a blah season, after duly noting other causes, on parity scheduling (*Something Less Than Super*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1). Jenkins' thesis was that, while the big boys knocked one another about, some of the little guys fattened up their records at the expense of other little guys. He was outraged that the Eagles made the playoffs while the Raiders did not, but if he had bothered to check he would have found that, with the obvious exception that they didn't play themselves, the Eagles played exactly the same teams as the Super Bowl champion Cowboys. He scorned the fact that Seattle and New Orleans won more games than ever before but didn't note that Seattle had the same opponents as did Super Bowl contender Denver, and the Saints played the same teams as the mighty Rams. In fact, of the 16 games the Saints (the alltime champion little guys) played, nine of them were against teams that made the playoffs, including squirts such as Dallas, Pittsburgh, Houston, Minnesota and Los Angeles. That's parity?

PAT COMISKEY
Covington, La.

Sir:

Your photographer should be congratulated for the excellent action picture of NFL officials. It shows my crew doing its job just as the officiating manual dictates. At the two-minute warning we are required by rule to send one official to each coach and record the changes of captains for the last two minutes of the game. We then meet in the middle of the field to make sure all seven of us record the new captains. It's unfortunate that you labeled a positive photograph with a negative caption.

FRED SILVA
NFL Referee
San Francisco

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